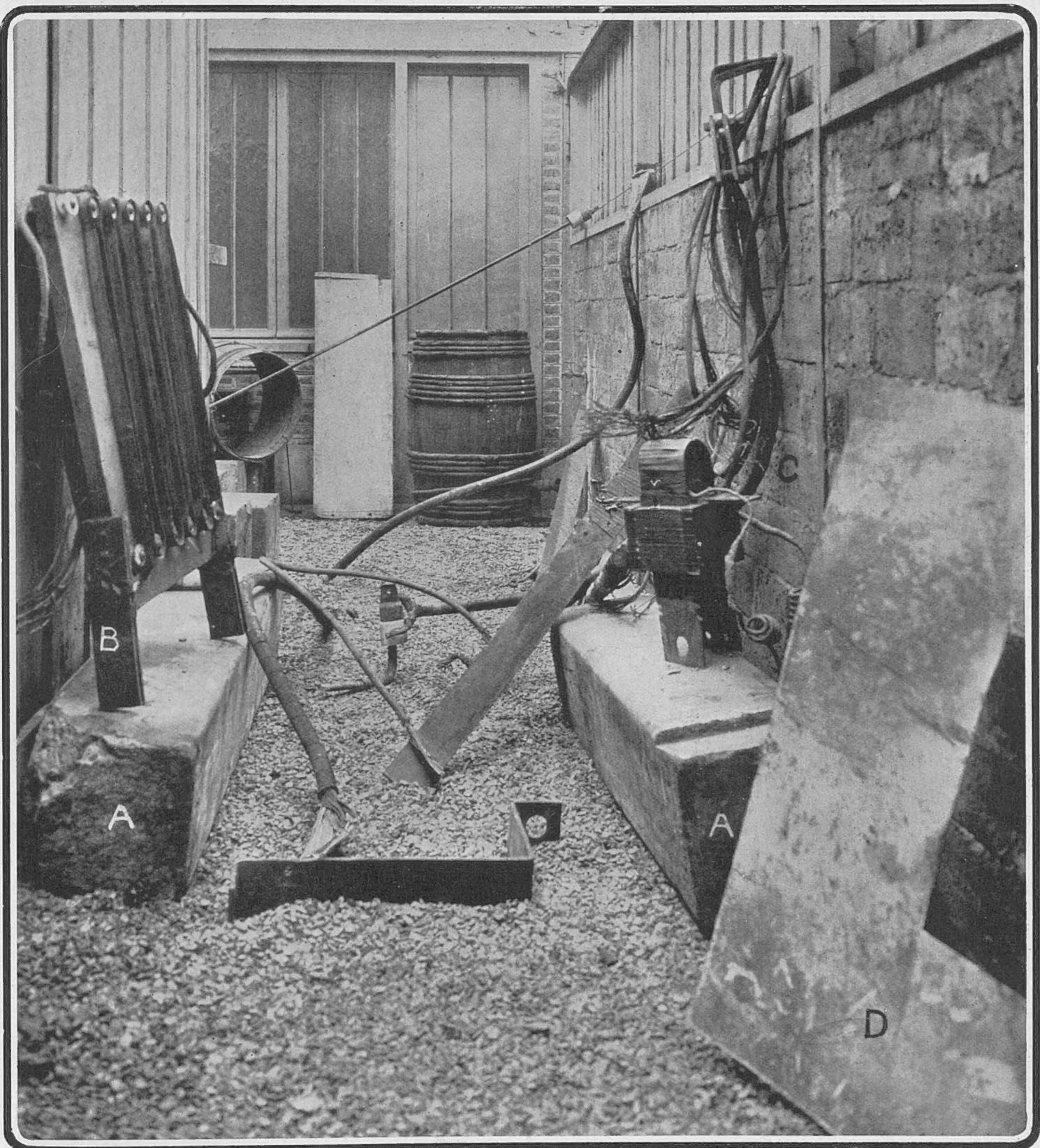


The Sketch

No. 781.—Vol. LXI.

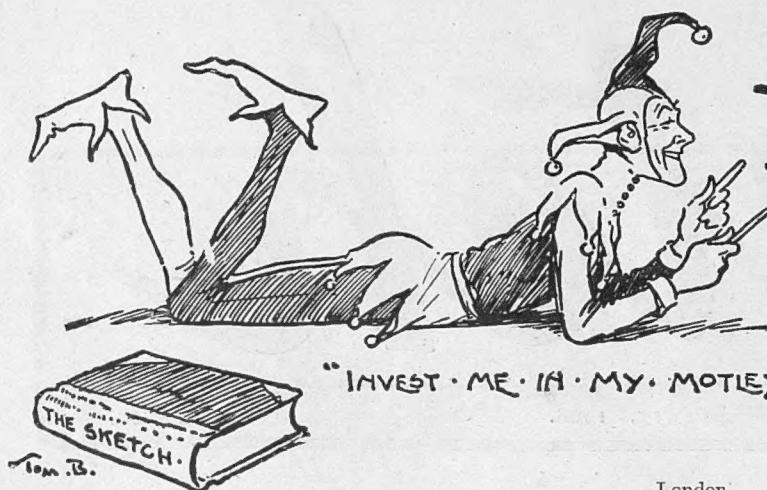
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



THE GREAT DIAMOND-MAKING CASE: THE LABORATORY IN WHICH M. LEMOINE CONDUCTED
THE EXPERIMENTS BEFORE SIR JULIUS WERNHER.

On Friday last it was reported that Sir Julius Wernher had lodged a complaint against M. Lemoine, a French engineer, alleging that the latter defrauded him of £64,000 by falsely representing himself as having succeeded in manufacturing large artificial diamonds of great value. Sir Julius witnessed certain experiments in M. Lemoine's laboratory, and saw a flawless stone of considerable size produced from the engineer's crucible. Then Sir Julius began to finance M. Lemoine. He now claims that the inventor produced a diamond that he had previously put into the crucible. This M. Lemoine denies. Sir Julius also asserts that the secret of the diamond-making deposited in a London bank is nothing but blank paper. Our photograph shows the remains of M. Lemoine's electric furnace in his laboratory at 81, Rue Lecourbe, Paris. To the right and left on the ground are the huge carbon poles of the furnace (A). On the left carbon stands the rheostat (B); whilst above the right carbon are some of the electric cables (C). The iron plate with a square hole in it upon which the furnace rested is in the right foreground (D). [Photograph by Lawrence.]



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"



London.

Poor, Poor
Fellow!

A very sad story appeared last week in one of my daily papers. It was told in a letter from a "Man who Retired." This poor soul, it seemed, worked away like anything until he had invested enough money, in sound securities, to bring him in five thousand pounds per annum. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and two daughters. They were all very economical. They kept no motor. None of them had luxurious tastes. What do you suppose happened? Very soon after the poor soul retired, he discovered that it was impossible to live, even quietly, on five thousand pounds a year. A hundred pounds a week went like lightning. Naturally, he was puzzled. So was his wife. So were his daughters. "You are a business man," said his wife sharply. "You have managed to scrape together about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Surely you can check the household accounts?" "No," said the poor soul. "They baffle me. I have no idea what becomes of the money. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go back to work, knock together another hundred and thirty thousand pounds as quickly as possible, invest that as well, and then we shall get along a bit better. In the meantime, you and the girls must economise." "All right," said his wife. "Right you are!" cried the pauper daughters cheerfully. And away he went. . . . A sad tale is best for winter.

"Prayers for
Policemen."

In the same issue of the same journal I came across another letter from another correspondent. This was headed "Prayers for Policemen," and ran as follows: "SIR,—In connection with the week of prayer now being held by the Evangelical Alliance, I notice that in the programme of the objects for prayer no mention is made of the men who guard our homes and streets by day and night. Many years ago a policeman told my mother that he had often heard prayers in churches for soldiers and sailors, but never for policemen. He added, 'I assure you we need praying for quite as much as they do.' From what I know of London cooking, I feel sure that that policeman was justified in his plaint. But, if we pray for policemen, it is quite certain that we ought to pray for a good many other people as well. Commissionaires, for example. Think of the number of licensed houses they are compelled to pass in the execution of their duties. The risk of going into ten or twelve of them must be fearful. Take, again, railway porters. Do you realise that at any hour of the day, light or dark, rain or shine, hot or cold, a railway porter might, in a careless, happy-go-lucky moment, do something for nothing? I was once told by a railway porter that nothing was so wearing to the nerves as those moments of uncertainty after placing the bag upon the seat and touching his cap.

In Praise of
Children's Parties.

I see that Miss Evelyn Sharp, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, complains that, "whether we are young or old, we cannot escape the children's party at this time of year." I am sorry that Miss Sharp should have said a thing like that. I am sure she does not mean it, and will take it all back in her next article; because, of all parties, the children's party is the only kind that is really tolerable. Children do not gush when they wish to express pleasure—they laugh. You can fake a gush, but you can never fake a sincere and convincing laugh. Again, children do not stand about the room and criticise each other. They get on to the business in hand as quickly as possible, and they don't care two pins what they look like when they are enjoying themselves. Yet another charming point about a children's party is this: when they are bored, they say so. "I don't like that," is a sentence constantly overheard at a children's party. "That" is then stopped by the tactful hostess, and something more

amusing takes its place. But the idiotic grown-up people just grin and grin, whether they are pleased or bored, and the poor hostess continues, blindly, to mismanage the evening. These are a few of the reasons why I never go to any kind of party but a children's party. Let me counsel Miss Evelyn Sharp, an she would grow old gracefully, to follow my example.

A Shoppy
Par.

A few nights ago a brother-writer was trying to persuade me that it is good "business" to attend social functions, however much one may hate them. "Look at So-and-so and Such-and-such," he said. "Wherever I go, I see them surrounded by a crowd of adoring women, telling them how perfectly sweet their last book was, and all that sort of thing. Rot, I grant you, but I'm sure it helps their sales. These women go away and talk about them, and they benefit by the advertisement. Then the same women take good care to read the next book directly it comes out, in case they meet So-and-so or Such-and-such again. Take my tip, old fellow. The success of Such-and-such's last book was entirely due to his perseverance in attending social functions and being fussed." "Then he fully earned his success," I replied. "For myself, I don't pretend to strut upon so elevated a plane. Any friends that I may have among the public I have made through my work alone, and if ever it becomes necessary for me to exhibit myself in a dress-suit three or four evenings a week in order to sell my books, I will chuck it all up and go into some other line of business. It seems to me that the greatest privileges of the writer's life are privacy and independence." Have you anything to say upon the subject, friend the reader?

A Fool
Rushes in.

Some of my correspondents ask me terribly perplexing questions. What answer, for example, am I to give to the following question?

Is it very naughty to dye your hair black, and wear youthful hats to please your husband, who wants you to look young, although you are over forty?

You see, if I say that, in my opinion, it is naughty to behave in this way, I turn a friend, and a presumably faithful reader, into a violent enemy. Having dyed her hair black, the dear lady is not likely to die it grey to please me; nor is there the slightest chance of her throwing those youthful hats out of the window or giving them to her maid. On the other hand, if I say that her behaviour is worthy of all praise, I call down upon my poor head the righteous indignation of all the other wives over forty who would not be seen within a mile of a bottle of dye, and whose headgear is uncompromisingly middle-aged. Still, I always take sides, and I shall dare to say, therefore, that a woman who loves her husband and is by her husband beloved is justified in going to almost any lengths to preserve that mutual love. I would not even draw the line at dyeing the hair green and decorating the face with neat stripes of cerise and yellow. Are you answered, lady?

The Bootjack.
A Myth? Yes?

What is a "bootjack"? Is there such a thing? I doubt it, although I have just come across the term in an up-to-date daily paper, and the bootjack is there spoken of as if we all possessed one. Personally, so far from possessing a bootjack am I that I have never even seen one. As a small boy, I used to read about bootjacks in Dickens, and wonder exceedingly what they were. Nobody ever explained the matter to me to my satisfaction. In my dictionary, I find a bootjack described as "an instrument for drawing off boots." But who in the world requires an instrument to draw off his boots, even though they be top-boots? I shall be grateful if any friend in the audience can throw light upon the mystery.

THE ART OF GATHERING A CROWD:
THE SUFFRAGETTES' PROGRESS.



1. ENABLING MRS. MARTELL TO TAKE THE CHAIR.

2. THE MEETING BEGINS: MISS GAWTHORPE ADDRESSES A SMALL BUT SELECT AUDIENCE.

3. THE CROWD GROWS.

4. THE WRITING ON THE WALL: MRS. MARTELL MAKING ANNOUNCEMENTS ON A BLACKBOARD IN THE HIGH STREET, NEWTON ABBOT.

5. MRS. MARTELL HARD AT WORK.

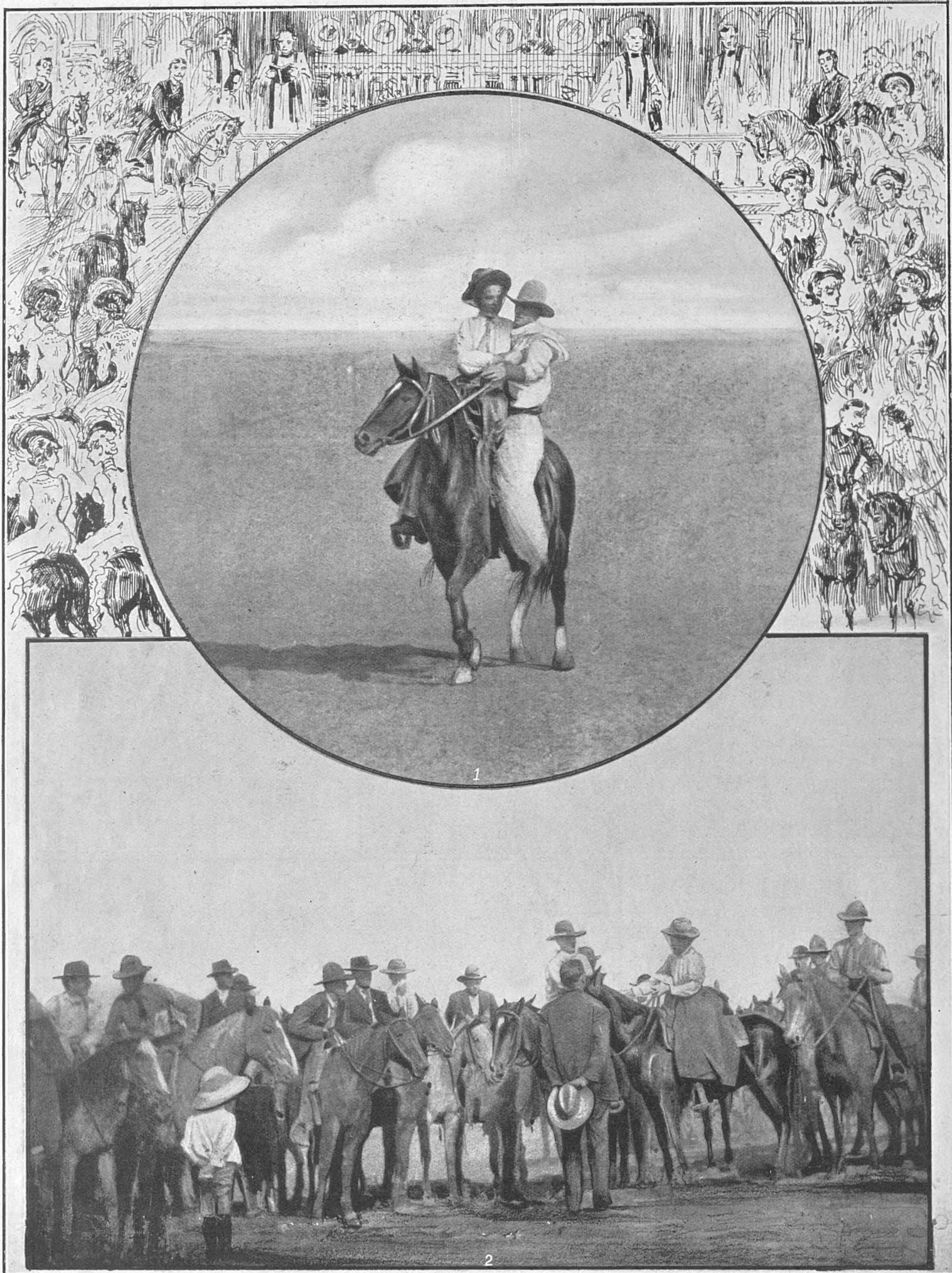
6. THE AUDIENCE AT FULL STRENGTH.

The Suffragettes are very busy in Mid-Devon, and are voicing energetically their reasons for being "agin" the Government. Those who saw "Votes for Women" at the Court will recognise in Miss Gawthorpe's attitude in our second photograph a pose made familiar to them on the stage by Miss Dorothy Minto.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

MARRIED ON HORSEBACK: "THE LATEST" IN WEDDINGS.

A SCENE MR. LEWIS WALLER MIGHT ADD TO "A WHITE MAN."



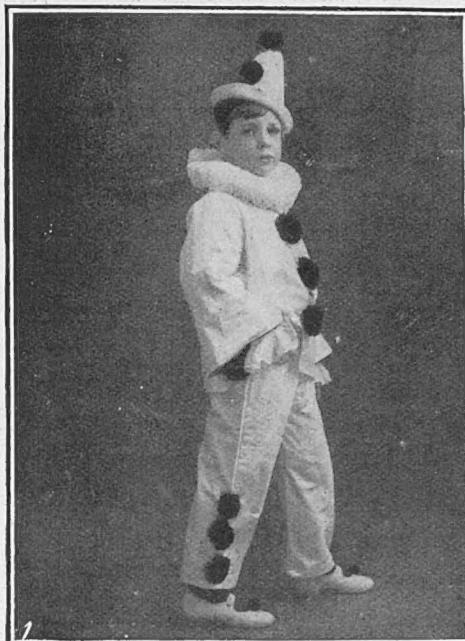
1. THE COWBOY BRIDEGROOM, HAVING LIFTED THE BRIDE FROM HER HORSE, CARRIES HER ON HIS OWN MOUNT TO THE SCENE OF THE CEREMONY.

2. JUDGE BRUNDAGE MAKES THE PAIR MAN AND WIFE.

The wedding took place on the racecourse at Cody, Wyoming. The contracting parties were John C. Dodge, a well-known cowboy, and Mrs. O. F. Hazen. While the Cowboy Band of Cody played "I Want You Ma Honey," the pair mounted swift ponies and dashed round the racecourse. As the bridegroom passed the bride, he lifted her from her saddle and seated her before him on his own mount. Thus the pair rode up to Judge Brundage, who duly performed the marriage ceremony.

Photographs by Hiscock.

LITTLE MASQUERADERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE:
SOME GUESTS AT THE JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL.



1. MASTER GUY RAMSEY—PIERROT.

2. MISS KATHLEEN EMETT—A GEISHA GIRL.

3. MISS URSULA RADFORD—THE BOROUGH
OF PLYMOUTH.4. MASTER LEONARD FOWLER—
LOHENGRI.5. MISS MURIEL SAYER—JOAN OF ARC.
8. MISS FLORENCE CHRISTY CLARKE—THE
FIRST LADY FREEMASON.6. MASTER LYONEL CLARK—A VIKING.
9. MASTER ARCHIE WANN—AN ADMIRAL.

7. MISS SYBIL POUND—A COSTER.

Photographs by Speaight.

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[2nd Impression.]

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"L'AUTRE,"
By MM. Paul et Victor
Margueritte.
Théâtre Français.

is Robert D'Artigues. He is, of course, quite different from Adam, whose name, by the way, is Jacques Frénot. Jacques Frénot is a clever lawyer and a politician, and lets his interest in affairs of State take his attention from his wife. This is so stupid, because whereas a man's first duty is to his country and all that sort of thing, it is his wife who puts his slippers down to warm and all *that* sort of thing; and if the husband doesn't pay attention to his wife the other fellow will get into his slippers.

Claire Frénot, the Eve of our story, regrets, just as the curtain goes up, that she has listened to the Serpent. I have known other ladies regret this just as the curtain goes up. But in this case there are three acts ahead of us as well as the act to which Claire has alluded as quite irremediable. Being a woman, Claire, now that she has listened to the Serpent, hates Robert d'Artigues and is very pleased that he has gone away. In reality, he has just come back again, and, being a husband, Jacques Frénot asks him to dinner. Claire loves her husband, Jacques, now with the stern, uncompromising, come-out-on-the-balcony-and-kiss-me-on-a-cold-December-night-because-it's-moonlit love that distinguishes the sentimental heroine of modern drama. This rather bores Jacques, whose love is on much calmer lines, and, being a lawyer, he wonders why his wife, who used to feel the kiss-me-on-the-eyebrow-and-don't-smudge-it love for him, which is the usual current coin after some years of married life, should suddenly be, as it were, at her third speed again. He therefore questions Claire, who gives him an evasive answer. Claire blushes, coughs, chokes, says, "How hot the room is!" and generally behaves in the self-conscious style of an old lady in an omnibus, with one foot in the grave and the other on half-a-sovereign which somebody else has dropped. "Aha!" says Jacques Frénot, "there is another." And being a short-sighted idiot, Claire loses her head and makes confession. I believe that the proper thing to say at this stage is that she drinks the cup of humiliation to the dregs. Whatever she does, she does it with intense enjoyment, and piles the agony on "horrible." She tells Jacques *all* the shocking details—what the other fellow used to like for breakfast, whether he called her ducky-daddles or his ownest own—and generally makes Jacques uncomfortable. He gets quite peevish; but he loves his wife, and instead of sending her home to her mother, he pardons her and bids her stay. Of course, it works out badly. Every time Jacques kisses Claire he wonders whether he has not landed on the same place as THE OTHER

usually did. And every time Claire kisses Jacques, Jacques wonders whether THE OTHER taught her to kiss in that way. Naturally enough, they are unhappy. As a matter of fact, the only way to live happily with a wife like Claire Frénot would be to have her embalmed. And Jacques doesn't do this because he's a lawyer, and knows that the period which ensues before President Fallières gives the customary pardon is uncomfortable for all concerned.

Claire has a sister, and that sister is engaged, and ultimately marries. There is no particular reason for this happening, but I take it that the authors want to show us what fools men can be when women so wish it. How any young man could, with his eyes open, marry a sister of Claire Frénot is one too much for me. Well, by this time we are in the third act, and expectation of the return of D'Artigues. He doesn't come back. Claire and her husband do without him very nicely though. At breakfast, if Claire thinks she'll have tea instead of coffee, Jacques strikes an attitude and says: "I suppose HE taught you that." If the eggs are soft-boiled (Jacques likes them hard) he suggests that Claire has got into the habit of catering for ANOTHER's tastes. You can imagine what a very happy time they have, and how, whenever either of them is alone or with the harmless, necessary confidant, he or she throws his or her arms up and remarks, "Oh, là-là-là, the beard!"

Mind you, I won't deny that there were several of us in the audience by this time who were feeling very much the same way about it as they did. And then things reach a crisis. Jacques has a mother to whom he confides his woes. Claire has a friend to whom (and incidentally to us, of course) she tells all hers. They have told their woes over and over again. Everybody knows all about them except the young couple—Claire's sister and that young woman's fiancé. They marry, these two. Now, you know how uncomfortable it always is in any house after a newly wedded pair have gone away. And you can imagine what a very happy time Jacques and

APPEARING IN THE PLAY THE FRENCH PREMIER HELPED TO PRODUCE: MME. SUZANNE DESPRÈS, WHO PLAYS CÉCILE IN "L'APPRENTIE," AT THE ODÉON.

"L'Apprentie" is by M. Geffroy, a colleague of M. Clemenceau when the French Premier was editor of "La Justice," and M. Clemenceau showed himself much interested in the production. During the dress rehearsal he sat next to M. Antoine, the manager of the theatre, and at the end of the third act both men went on to the stage, M. Clemenceau declaring that the orchestra must not play at that particular moment the tune it was then giving. "Play 'The Girondins' or the 'Chant du Départ,'" he said, and thereupon took the place of the conductor, and beat time for those tunes.—[Photograph by Henri Manuel.]

Claire had when the young folk had started on their honeymoon. To brighten things, they had a desperate quarrel on the wedding day, and made it up with the same desperate earnestness with which Jacques and Claire did everything. Claire took a front seat on her husband's knee, and kissed him in the little crinkle just above the left half of his fair moustache. He looked into her eyes, and jumped as though he had been sitting on a pin with the business end uppermost. "Name of a name of a name! I see THE OTHER in your eyes!" he shrieked. And—rather wisely, I thought—Claire came to the conclusion that life was impossible with a man who was beginning to see things. So she put on her hat and went off. I was not sorry that the fall of the curtain enabled my fellow-sufferers and myself to do the same.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.





THE ST. MORITZ CLUB—THE VILLAGE RUN—THE START—THE CORNER—THE MAKING OF THE BOB-SLEIGH RUN.

I AM writing in a club that I believe to be at a greater elevation than any other in Europe—the St. Moritz. The big room in which

I sit by an open window has walls of dark German oak, and a ceiling the beams of which are of the same wood. Great green English leather chairs and comfortable Oriental carpets give it a British and homelike appearance.

From the window by which I write I can see the mountains and a corner of the frozen lake, on which next month are run the skiing races, when racehorses drag along their drivers on skis; and just below me is the main road leading from the station to the village. The sound of sleigh-bells fills the air, for all the vehicles—the Prince's carriage and the butcher's cart and the diligence—are on runners in this valley of the snows. The sound of laughter comes up with the clank and tinkle of the bells, for all the young people are flocking to the village run, pulling their toboggans after them.

The start of the run is just off the main street, and here, on a little platform of snow, ready to start, is a group of tobogganers. Some are lying face downwards, some are sitting on the toboggans with feet jutting out in front. There are some couples: a man in white jersey and white cap in front, and a pretty girl all in white sitting straddle behind him; a youth lying on his face and another boy lying on his back; a lad sitting steering, and another kneeling behind him. Lads and lasses, great and small, princes and peasants, all are in high spirits, all talking, all eager to start. A villager with bandaged legs and a round hat stands just below the start, with an alpen-stock held across the run. When he lifts it, the boy or girl whose turn is next pushes the toboggan to the snow crest, and starts down the narrow lane of ice, with its banks of frozen snow. Most of the tobogganers have steel claws strapped on to their feet, and these implements they use as a means of steering, sending up a little shower of powdered ice as they go rushing down the run.

There is a big bank at a corner about fifty yards down the run, and it is opposite to this bank that a little crowd collects, for

it is here that the beginners always come to grief and all the comical incidents occur. The bank is a great steep slope of snow and water which has frozen as hard as stone. Down the slope come at sixty miles an hour two lads on a toboggan. They are old hands, and only check their little carriage on runners sufficiently to ensure its taking the bank at the right angle. It jumps at the slope as if it were a live thing, the runners clattering on the ice, mounts almost to the top, and dives to the level again. An appreciative "Ah!" comes from the lookers-on, and the lads are off down two hundred yards of straight run at the pace of an express train.

A lady comes next. She is not in the neat and workmanlike woollen jacket and fur or woollen cap which the accomplished lady tobogganers generally wear; she has a feathered hat, which has almost blown off her head, and a jacket which is open and flapping. She sees the bank and her courage fails her. She tries to stop her toboggan, but it mounts a little way up the slope and then descends, turning round and round on the ice like a top. Everybody laughs, and a man stationed at the corner for the purpose stops the toboggan and helps the lady off on to the path, pushing her go-cart after her. She is crimson

in the face, and her skirts are plastered with snow; but she joins in the laughter, and gives her version of how it all happened.

The making of these runs is an interesting sight. The Cresta run is already open for part of its mile of turns and twists and straight going, and the last touches of perfection are being given to the bob-sleigh run, which also goes down hill to Cresta. I found the workmen busy on it with hoses. At some of the corners walls first curving a little outwards, and then coming back over the run, had been built of snow, and the workmen, spraying these curving walls with water from the pipes, were turning them into white ice,



HOW TO AVOID BOREDOM AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE!
A DESIGN MADE OF THE SKIN OF EGGS.

The centre sprays of the design were cut out of the skin of two eggs—the top spray from the skin of a raw egg, the bottom spray from the skin of a boiled egg. The border was cut from a single piece of paper, and has no joins.

in the face, and her skirts are plastered with snow; but she joins in the laughter, and gives her version of how it all happened.



IN THEIR WEDDING GARMENTS! BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, AND BRIDESMAIDS IN SCHWÄLMER, HESSE-NASSAU.

Schwälmer, in Hesse-Nassau, has a reputation for keeping up old customs, and a wedding there is an exceedingly quaint affair. The bride's chief ornament is her wedding-wreath, which consists of a combination of ribbons, glass balls, and artificial flowers. She has also a breast-plate embroidered in gold and silver. Under a heavy cloth skirt she wears about a dozen petticoats, and over the cloth skirt a satin apron. Her stockings are white, and her shoes have buckles. The dress and ornaments together are usually worth from five to six hundred marks. The curious head-dress worn by the bridegroom is adorned with flowers and ribbons, and from each side of it hangs a streamer of reddish-yellow ribbon. A wreath with a broad ribbon is worn round the right arm; the waistcoat is adorned with gold buttons; top-boots reach to the knees. The bridesmaids' dresses are very like that of the bride, but tiny caps are worn with them, instead of the more elaborate head-dress.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



1. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS HELENA LANDLESS,
AND MR. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE AS NEVILLE
LANDLESS.

4. MR. BASIL GILL AS EDWIN DROOD, AND MISS ADRIENNE
AUGARDE AS ROSA BUD,

3. MISS ADRIENNE
AUGARDE
AS ROSA BUD.

2. MR. G. W. ANSON AS DURDLES, AND MR. FRANK STANMORE AS THE DEPUTY.

5. MR. TREE AS JOHN JASPER, MR. CLAUDE FLEMMING AS MR. CRISPARKLE, AND MR. WILLIAM HAVILAND AS MR. GREWGIOUS.

Photographs by F. W. Burford.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD"—"THE SUBJECTION OF KEZIA."

CHRISTMAS, like charity, is supposed to cover a multitude of sins, and this, perhaps, answers the question that one may ask, in the terms of the immortal poem concerning Robinson Crusoe, "Why on earth did Tree do so?"—since to produce "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" seems hardly the right thing for the popular manager of what is sometimes called the leading London theatre. Of course, I do not mean to say that the new piece is bad of its kind, but the kind is simply the sort of melodrama without subtlety that one would have expected in the old days at the Princess's or the Adelphi, where, however, probably more of the Dickens comic relief would have been given: the plot of the unfinished novel, with only a few little scraps of humour, is little more than a skeleton as a feast. As an admirer, if rather less than a worshipper, of Dickens, I protest against this sort of thing. When we had some scenes, connected mainly with the Yarmouth characters in "David Copperfield," at the Adelphi a little while ago, it was modestly called "Little Em'ly," and the example might have been followed at His Majesty's; also some scraps from "Pickwick," in which Irving appeared, had the humble title of "Jingle." The humour is that, having taken an unfinished work, Mr. Comyns Carr has had to add a large quantity of himself to Dickens. Perhaps the keenest criticism of the whole matter is to say that the unversed might find it difficult to know which was Dickens and which was Carr.

The propriety of finishing other people's tales seems doubtful. There are cases, no doubt, where it would be justifiable, as, for instance, the case of Mark Twain's burlesque novel, which he abandoned because the characters were hopelessly entangled, or Poe's thrilling tale of "Arthur Gordon Pym," which seemed even to him to have reached a point where human invention could do nothing with it. When, however, a work is

MR. REGINALD OWEN AS HARRY LEYTON
IN "THE THIEF."*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau. (See our Supplement.)*

is stopped by such a *force majeure* as death, it appears more seemly to leave it alone.

Certainly, Mr. Comyns Carr has concocted a play that gives to Mr. Tree a strong acting part, and contains some effective scenes. There were plenty of shudders when, under the influence of opium, Jasper — like the Polish Jew — rehearsed the murder which, however, he never committed. I admit that Edwin Drood, seeing that he was but just recovering from a lot of "huccussed" port, was amazingly quick in guessing the meaning of the opium trance, and also in raising the money with which to travel abroad for six months without sending over for supplies. The truth is, however, that

the new solution does not hold water. It is a case where it would be agreeable to have the author cross-examined. Mr. Tree's acting is the chief feature of the affair, and he is almost, perhaps quite, at his best. His opium-trance scene, although very impressive, appeared to me hardly as clever as the one where Mr. Grewgious was asking awkward questions of Jasper, and in this there was very subtle, fine work by the actor as the man who was trying to maintain an attitude not merely of being guiltless, but also of being unsuspected, even whilst he was learning that he had committed an awful, perhaps really fatal, blunder. Mr. Archer, by the way, has pointed out the fact that Jasper also forgot to remove the money, studs, and perhaps penknife, which would not have been destroyed by quicklime. Moreover, it appeared to me that Mr. Tree was very strong in his Svengali scene, where Jasper terrorises poor Rosa Bud.

Miss Adrienne Augarde was quite charming as Rosa Bud, and I detected less of the traces of musical-comedy style than others profess to have noted. There seems some justice in the complaint of Mr. George Edwardes that some critics are too prompt to suggest deficiencies in the style of players who come from the musico-dramatic stage, and to assume that their work in the legitimate cannot be wholly satisfactory. There is quite a Dickens flavour in the Grewgious of Mr. William Haviland; but not, I think, in the otherwise clever Durdles of Mr. G. W. Anson, who missed the note of surliness. Mrs. Frederick Wright was strong as the Princess Puffer. The others were not exactly remarkable, though competent. It may be doubted whether they had great chances of distinction.

The new piece that precedes Mr. George

Gloriel's clever play, "The House," at the Court Theatre, is a

rather skilful little rustic comedy by Mrs. Havelock Ellis, called "The Subjection of Kezia," which has an ingenious idea—that of a fretful, nagging wife being suddenly turned into an amiable woman by the discovery that she is going to become a mother. Although one scene—where the husband is being persuaded that the way to cure his wife of her fretfulness is to beat her—drags a little, the comedietta is amusing, and the little scene of reconciliation is pretty. Quite an able performance was given by Miss Beryl Faber as the wife, and Mr. Graham Browne acted very skilfully in the part of the husband. "The House" decidedly is a play to be seen—it is very good, and we have never had anything exactly similar.



MR. JAMES HEARN AS NICOLA IN "ARMS AND THE MAN."

Photograph by Foulsham and Bansfield. (See our Supplement.)

MR. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE AS MAJOR PAUL PETKOFF IN "ARMS AND THE MAN."

Photograph by Foulsham and Bansfield. (See our Supplement.)

JAN. 15, 1908

THE SKETCH.

II

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



EDWIN DROOD (MR. BASIL GILL).

JOHN JASPER (MR. TREE).

JOHN JASPER AND EDWIN DROOD OUTSIDE CLOISTERHAM CATHEDRAL.

As all who know their Dickens are aware, Cloisterham Cathedral is Rochester. We are indebted to Mr. Joseph Harker's rough sketch of the scene at His Majesty's for the details of our background. Mr. Harker, it may be noted, is responsible for the whole of the scenery used in the production (as he was for that of Mr. Ashe's production of "As You Like It"), and his work has called forth much praise.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by F. W. Burford.


 SMALL TALK


A LADY BALLOON-PILOT:
FRAU E. LA QUIANTE,
Who has just been granted a license
by the Berlin Aero Club.

of modern paintings, and since the Accession many artists have had reason to feel grateful for the generous royal recognition extended to them. Their Majesties make a practice of buying pictures at those times when the giving of gifts is incumbent on them; and examples of contemporary British art find their way each Christmas to foreign palaces.

Sarah and her Red-Ribbon Rivals. When Sarah Bernhardt was appointed to the National Academy of Singing and Dramatic Dictation, people were convinced that she would be awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour as a functionary of the Government, since it was denied her as an actress. But no. "La Divine" has had the mortification of seeing another woman sport the red before her—Marcelle Tinayre, the author of two splendid novels, known respectively as "La Maison du Péché" and "La Rebelle". Marcelle Tinayre is the sixth woman to be decorated with the red ribbon. One of the others is Mme. Bartet, of the Comédie Française—to the

sore dismay and chagrin of "La Grande Sarah." It is not according to the rules of the Order to decorate an actress as actress, but an actress who is also a functionary, such as a member of a State theatre, becomes a different pair of shoes. That is why Mme. Bartet wears the coveted speck of red upon her corsage. If the great tragédienne has not been decorated as a functionary, it is proof that she has declined the honour.

THE KING'S gracious and cordial reception of Mr. Frith, the nonagenarian painter of "Derby Day," is yet another proof that his Majesty takes a very true interest in British art. Even as Prince and Princess of Wales, the King and Queen were considerable buyers

A Lovely Débutante. This is to be a débutante's year, and will certainly live in social history as having witnessed the début of many high-born maidens likely to find rival beauties in their own lovely mothers. A case in point is Lady Irene Denison, the daughter



AN INTERESTING DÉBUTANTE.
LADY IRENE DENISON,
Daughter of Lord and Lady Londes-
borough.
Photograph by Sarony.



A WRITER WHO WILL NOT WEAR IN THE STREET THE DECORATION AWARDED HER:
MME. MARCELLE TINAYRE, WHO IS TO RECEIVE THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

Mme. Marcelle Tinayre is to receive the coveted decoration of the Legion of Honour, but, apparently, is not altogether pleased by this recognition of her literary gifts. She has announced, indeed, that she will not wear the red ribbon in the street, although she will do so on occasion. She thinks it incongruous that she should display the decoration which the great Napoleon instituted as a reward for the bravest of his soldiers.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

is fortunate in the matter of her Crown jewels, but almost every other country has seen these national heirlooms dispersed and sold to the highest bidder. All patriotic Frenchmen—whether Republican, Orleanist, or Bonapartist—must bitterly regret the fact that the beautiful French regalia, some pieces of which dated from the days of King Louis, is now owned by lady millionaires of Transatlantic origin; indeed, some of the costliest and loveliest contents of poor Marie Antoinette's jewel-casket now belong to the popular Anglo-American hostess, Mrs. Bradley Martin. After the Franco-German War the Empress Eugénie sold many of the splendid gems which had been heaped upon her by the gallant Napoleon III. when he raised the young Spanish beauty to imperial rank. Queen Louise of Prussia sold all her jewels during the days of her country's blackest distress; and the Spanish Crown jewels are practically new.



A CURIOUS CELEBRATION OF A WEDDING: A GROUP OF THE DANCERS WHO FIGURED IN A SPECIAL QUADRILLE
IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF FREIHERR VON STOSCH AND FRÄULEIN ERNA KOPKA VON LOSSOW.

From left to right those figuring in the group are: (back row) Lieutenant von Oesterreich, Lieutenant Freiherr von Krane, Frau von Quednow, Lieutenant Albrecht, Fräulein von Schauroth, Freiherr von Buttler, Frau Schulte, Lieutenant von Cossel, Lieutenant von Below; (front row) Fräulein Wille, Fräulein von Pultkamer, Fräulein von Bohlen, Lieutenant Richte, Fräulein von Stumpff.

"THE MOTOR DUCK":
A CAR FOR USE IN THE AIR AND ON LAND AND WATER.
(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")

*Photo, P.-J. Press Bureau*

AIR: THE BALLOON THAT IS TO CARRY A "WATERLAND" AMPHIBIOUS AUTOMOBILE.

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

LAND: "WATERLAND I." RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS.

*Photo, Lazarick.*

WATER: "WATERLAND I." AS A BOAT.

"Waterland I.," known familiarly as "the Motor Duck," was tested recently in America. It is so designed that it can run on the land and be driven on the water. In addition to this, it is announced that the American owner of the balloon "Pommern" is to have a smaller model of the car made, so that he may attach it to his balloon, and be able to travel easily from wherever he may land after an aerial journey, even if his balloon should descend into water. The car is practically a gasoline launch, fitted with wheels. It is driven by a two-cylinder De Dion motor of twelve horse-power. Disc wheels are used, so that progress through the water may not be impeded, and the tyres are of solid rubber.

When the car is in the water the steering is done by a rudder and the front wheels. The whole contrivance weighs about 1800 lb.



A NOVELIST EARL: THE EARL OF ELLESMORE,

Whose New Story, "Stantertons," will be published at the end of this month.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

is completed, to get rid of a number of the horses that have now to be maintained at Windsor, while some reduction in the stable staff will also take place. The plans for the garage are already being prepared by one of the leading motorengineers of the day, and some remarkably ingenious devices to enable the mechanicians to reach every part of a car will be installed. It is proposed to have electric power laid on to the garage, so that the electric landauettes to which the Queen and the Princess of Wales are both so partial may have their accumulators charged there; and in order to do this it may be necessary to lay down special engines and dynamos.

A Novelist Earl. Two Earls are writers of successful novels: the one is Lord Iddesleigh, the other is Lord Ellesmere, whose new story, "Stantertons," will appear at the end of this month. The head of the house of Egerton is the happy owner of one of the most beautiful minor palaces of the world—that is, Bridgewater House, famed for its wonderful collection of paintings, including Raphael's loveliest Madonna. Lord Ellesmere, who is a little over sixty, began writing some years ago, his first story having the curious title of "Sir Hector's Watch." He is as fond of sport as he is of literature, and just a year ago he started a model creamery near his country estate, in order to benefit the local farmers.

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIERS

ON a site close to the Royal Mews at Windsor, space has been cleared for the erection of a motor garage for the royal cars, and this will be one of the finest of its kind yet built. Room is to be provided for about a dozen cars, and the place will be fitted up for the execution of very extensive repairs, a special staff being retained for this purpose.

It is his Majesty's intention, as soon as this garage

Lady Stradbroke is not only an excellent amateur actress, but she has lately become a playwright, "The Hat Shop" having made its first appearance, with brilliant success, at Henham Hall, the splendid place in Suffolk where Lord and Lady Stradbroke spend the greater part of each year. She will probably follow the example of Mrs.

Alfred Lyttelton and the Duchess of

Sutherland in making her bow as dramatist to London playgoers.

Madame Albanesi, who already has so large a public as a novelist—for each of her stories, from the brilliant "Peter the Parasite" onwards, has brought her fresh laurels—has now joined the distinguished group of woman dramatists. Her play, which is entitled "Susannah and Some Others," is, of course, founded on the author's well-known story; and Madame Albanesi, greatly daring, but following in this some great examples, has written the play herself, without calling in the aid of any professional playwright.

A St. Margaret's Wedding. On the 23rd of this month many prominent members of Scottish

society will be present at the marriage of Mrs. Aspinwall and the Hon. Charles Gideon Murray, second son of Lord Elibank, which is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The beautiful bride, who has the quaint and charming name of Ermine, is a granddaughter of that great British soldier, Lord Napier of Magdala, and her first husband, the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Aspinwall, was a distinguished soldier. Mr. Murray, though he is only just over thirty, has already had a noteworthy career, and last year he was appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.



A NEW LADY PLAYWRIGHT: MME. ALBANESE, AUTHOR OF "SUSANNAH AND SOME OTHERS."

Photograph by R. Cosway.



A GREAT ST. MARGARET'S WEDDING OF THE MONTH: MRS. ASPINWALL AND THE HON. CHARLES GIDEON MURRAY,
WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 23RD.

Mrs. Aspinwall is a granddaughter of the first Lord Napier of Magdala. Mr. Murray is Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.—[Photographs by Thomson.]

JAN. 15, 1908

THE SKETCH.

15

A FAIR GLOBE-TROTTER.



THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

DRAWN BY CYRUS CUNEO.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Rossetti Tomb Mystery.

Professor Pepper, in his evidence at the Druce trial, called to prick one bubble, demolished a second. We are all familiar with the story of Rossetti's sacrifice; of his burying the manuscript of his poems with the body of his wife; of his yielding to the importunity and entreaties of friends, seven-and-a-half years after the interment, to have the manuscripts uncoffined. At dead of night, with a fire burning at the side of the tomb, the coffin was brought to the surface and opened, and the poems were removed from it. Mr. Hall Caine tells us that the beautiful golden hair of the dead woman had grown about the poems, and so enclosed them that it had to be cut. But Professor Pepper told the Court the other day that hair does not grow after death; that such lengthening as is apparent results from shrinkage of the skin. Whence, then, comes this pretty and familiar legend as to the curls which clustered about the "Blessed Damozel" and its companion poems? The probability is that it springs from the fact that Rossetti placed his verses between the face and the hair of the dead loved one.

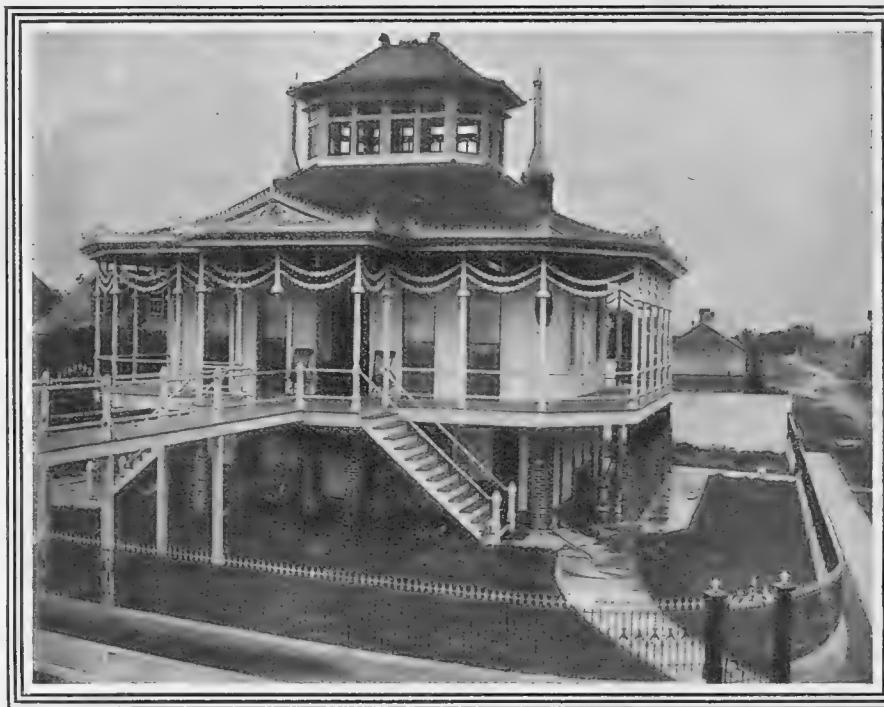
Posing in a Rossetti's Bath for Ophelia. were not the only pictures in which his wife figured. Millais painted her when she was yet Miss Siddall, newly redeemed from the drudgery of a millinery establishment.

She was his model for "Ophelia," the picture with which he sought to answer the furious onslaughts of the critics upon the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and all its works and aims. In order to get the proper set of the garments in water, and the right aqueous effects, the model had to lie in a large bath filled with water. This was kept at a comfortable temperature

by means of lamps placed beneath the bath. All went well until the picture was nearing completion. Then the lamps were permitted to die out. The artist was too engrossed in his work to notice it, and the model was too patient to complain. The result was that the water became quite cold, and the model contracted a severe chill. Her father, an auctioneer, claimed £50 damages and threatened legal proceedings. Luckily, Millais was able to compromise by paying the doctor's bill and handsomely apologising for his remissness, and the picture came before the world unhampered by the absurdity of a law-court's trial.

Out, Damned Spot!

A diabolical decision has been reached by the Court to which a traveller appealed against the dictum that, on reaching a frontier, he must get up, leave his carriage, and go to the van to have his luggage examined. Even if you have no baggage, you must still leave the carriage and pass through the examination. This makes the air-ship indispensable to every traveller. What then of frontiers and crawling excisemen? The only other alternative now is to follow the example of the irate American who was doing "Yurrop," and came to the frontier of a petty German State where the officials' sense of dignity was in inverse proportion to the significance of the country.



A HOUSE WITH THE INTERIOR OF A SHIP: CAPTAIN H. P. DOULLUT'S REMARKABLE RESIDENCE.

Captain Doullut is a well-known figure in American steamboat circles, and he has built for himself the remarkable house illustrated. The interior of this resembles that of a ship in every particular. Amongst its features are the basement, which is made in imitation of the hull of an ocean-going vessel; the dining-room, which is a reproduction of the saloon of a ship, and is surmounted by a "pilot-house"; and a gallery, in which the Captain can sling his hammock so that he can be in the shade at any time of the day. The house cost £1600 to build.—[Photograph supplied by Jones.]

He had tons of luggage, and they began roughly to handle it. "Here," he said presently, "here, hands off! I didn't come from the United States to be controlled by you. Put those things back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back—I'm in no particular hurry. You're no country—you're only a spot. I'll go round you!" And round he went.



A NEST CONTAINING THE SWIFT'S EGGS—AGAINST A CAVE SIDE.



THE NESTS AS OFFERED FOR SALE IN CHINESE MARKETS.

BIRDS' NESTS THAT ARE EATEN: THE RAW MATERIAL OF BIRDS' NEST SOUP.

The nests are collected in the Malay Archipelago, more especially in Sumatra and Borneo. They are usually found in caves near the sea, and are made of a substance resembling isinglass that is secreted in special glands in the mouth of the bird. In China, where they are made into soup, they are esteemed a nourishing dainty, and command a price equal to fifty shillings a pound. It is said that £20,000 worth are sent to Singapore and China each year.—[Photograph supplied by Collins.]

GROTESQUES IN BLACK AND WHITE.



II.— THE AMBUSCADE.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERÉ.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AN actress in America has, before to-day, had a clause in her contract by which she undertook not to ride on horseback during the course of her engagement, because on one occasion she had been thrown, and the management had been put to inconvenience by the accident. Did Miss Ethel James, the Fairy Queen of the Lyceum pantomime, ever ride in London, her managers might be tempted to follow the example of their American colleague. The clever young actress and singer, however, only rides during her holidays. Not long ago she had an experience which might have put an effective stop both to work and play, and have prevented the rôle of Fairy Queen being offered to her. She was riding at home in the country when suddenly her horse, startled by men who were felling some trees, began to run away with her. The next moment she felt her saddle slipping gradually from its place, and getting

further and farther down the horse's side, until she was riding almost upside down, and only prevented her head from striking the ground by bending her body almost at right-angles at the waist, and catching hold of the horse's mane. The horse had galloped some hundreds of yards with her in this precarious condition when, luckily, a man coming down the road in the opposite direction saw Miss James's left hand extended as a signal of distress. Realising what had happened, he dashed at the horse and caught the reins, thus bringing it to a standstill. Then he tightened the girths, and the young actress remounted and made the horse gallop for her pleasure, as previously it had galloped for its own.

As many *Sketch* readers are probably aware, before Mr. Hickory Wood became the most prolific pantomime-writer in the country, he was an agent for a well-known insurance office in Manchester. One day he received a postcard from Monson in reference to insuring the life of young Mr. Hamborough. As the result of this communication, Mr. Hickory Wood subsequently went to interview Mr. Hamborough at a mansion near Harrogate, where Monson had a sort of Army crammer's establishment. The negotiations, however, fell through in consequence of Monson's refusal to sign a declaration to the effect that the insurance money should be paid only to someone with a monetary claim to it. During the following summer, Mr. Hickory Wood got married, and was spending his honeymoon on the Clyde. He was with his bride on Ardlamont Pier when he read in a newspaper of the tragic shooting of young Mr. Hamborough. Only a short time ago, Mr. Hickory Wood was reminded of this incident by the arrest of a well-known gentleman at a West-End music-hall in mistake for Monson, who, as a ticket-of-leave man, had failed to report himself.

Mr. George Gloriel, the author of "The House," in which Mr. Albert Chevalier has returned to the Court Theatre, was once at a small East End church—half mission-hall—with the

congregation of which he was acquainted. The Sunday after the burial of a drunken and riotous loafer, the widow and two children went to service, at the instigation of the clergyman. At the right moment the mother nudged the children. "Tommy, Katie, go on!" she whispered. "Our Faver, which art in 'eaven.'" The children failed to respond. They stared amazed and incredulous. Then the boy turned to his mother, and his incredulity found expression in the question, "D'yer fink 'e reelly is, muvver?"

Mr. Ivan Berlyn, who has gone to the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, to play in the pantomime of "Sinbad the Sailor," fresh from his triumph of Fagin in the music-halls, is a young actor who has had a wide experience of every form of drama, for he has played at Drury Lane; with Mrs. Patrick Campbell; in Mr. Granville Barker's "The Marriage of Anne Leet"; with Mrs. Langtry; in Mrs. Lucette Ryley's work; as well as in musical comedy. He attracted a great deal of attention by playing the vulture-man, Nemo, in "Because I Loved You," a melodrama by the late Mr. F. Scudamore. The result was that, for a time, he was known by the nickname of "Birdie." This led to an amusing incident at Drury Lane during the rehearsals of "The Best of Friends," when someone was required to imitate the parrots. "Oh," said Mr. Arthur Collins, "there's Berlyn, he's a bird actor." On another occasion when playing the Jew money-lender, Eric Macdonald, in "The Great Millionaire," at the same theatre, Mr. Cecil Raleigh, noticing the accent he had adopted, turned to him and wittily exclaimed, "Very good, my boy; not so much Berlin but a little more Jerusalem." When playing Cassim in "The Forty Thieves," at the Coronet, three or four years ago, Mr. Berlyn was the cause of a delightful malapropism on the part of his dresser. He remonstrated gently with the man, insisting that he must really keep his changes of dress distinct, for if he did not there would be a horrible muddle, when the man replied, "Yes, Sir, I know when one gets into a mess with those quick changes, it's so difficult to exorcise yourself."

Mr. Harry Brayne, the Dame in the Fulham Theatre pantomime, is this year playing his twenty-third engagement in pantomime and his fifteenth in the chief female comedy part. On a Christmas Day some little time ago, he was invited to the house of an old friend. In the morning the hostess asked if he would care to go with them to church. He did,



MISS ENID LANG, NIECE OF LORD IVEAGH, AS ANGELA.
"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON" PLAYED FOR CHARITY: AMATEURS AT THE SCALA.

(See "SOCIETY GIBSON GIRLS," ON PAGE 25.)

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.

and at early dinner his hostess asked her little son what hymn they had sung during the service. The child did not remember, and Mr. Brayne, anxious to help him, whispered, "Sun of my Soul." Without a moment's hesitation, the child replied, "Sun of Mr. Brayne's Soul," to his great satisfaction and the delight of everyone at the table.



MR. NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT, SON OF THE POLICE MAGISTRATE, AS THE DUKE OF ST. JERMYN'S.

THERE IS A TIE IN THE AFFAIRS OF DOGS.



LITTLE MARY: Oh, look, Granny; I've made Fido much' more compact.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WHEN Mr. Burdett-Coutts announced some time ago that he intended to "engage" somebody to be the biographer of the Baroness, a ruffled commentator declared that you "engage" a cook. No doubt, you "commission" rather than "hire" or "engage" a biographer; but if, at the outset, Mr. Burdett-Coutts encounters a difficulty about a term, how many must arise about terms of another sort before he completes his bargain with a scribe. And now I see that the *Athenaeum's* statement that "Mr. Charles Osborne has been entrusted with the task of composing a biography of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts" is labelled by Mr. Burdett-Coutts as "incorrect and unauthorised." Can it be that Mr. Burdett-Coutts did not choose his original phrasing so awkwardly, after all? You "engage" a cook, true; but you also engage the enemy in battle, and some sort of battle over the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's biography seems already to be in the air. Moreover, if peace reigned over the making of a biography—which it rarely does—I am not inclined to quarrel with Mr. Burdett-Coutts's epithet. For are not most of the biographies of the day cooked, and rather clumsily cooked, after all? Mr. Burdett-Coutts has really proved himself a wit.

The good sense of Queen Victoria's letters is universally allowed; and the late Mrs. Oliphant, whose own "style" was at times so wonderfully fine that we must accept her as an authority on the subject, once on a time paid the uttermost tribute to Queen Victoria's in a sentence of almost sensational comparison. But to the Queen of Roumania must be granted precedence over all living royal authors, and her plea for Peace, in the current *Nineteenth Century*, must take rank as a fine piece of English prose. Her Majesty has an enthusiasm for Peace which a former Queen Elizabeth would have set down as madness in a Queen; but the general discredit into which war is falling in one Court after another, if all rumours be true, will vastly increase the number of such Roumaniacs as this gentle and literary Queen Elizabeth before much time is gone.

The English officer who has published his "Society Recollections" in Paris and Vienna, 1879-1904, does well to keep his anonymity. To take very seriously a gentleman who has no title is not worth while; the arrows of scolding go wide unless there is the bull's-eye of a name to aim at. So I see the reviewers have irresponsibly named the book "very amusing," a Society journal going so far as to be fascinated by that which is too flat to have come to us from the eighteenth century, but too old-fashioned in its gallantry to deserve more than a mention in the literary dispatches of 1908.

Our *galant* officer—the French adjective fits him better than its English equivalent—conducted his campaigns in the *foyer* and on the street. Were his victories won on the playing-fields of England? one may ask. From speculations as to his cricket, we are led to speculations as to his French, and from his French to his appearance, until our military author stands before the mind's eye the model of a caricature by Forain. We see him a John Bull in the china-shop of Parisian women; we hear him calling "ga'çon" from his *café* table, we put him into a check suit, and we adjust an eyeglass. And, having made a contemporary Guy Fawkes of our

author, we turn again to his pleasant pages and wonder what has provoked us to contempt. Perhaps it is because we think there are other things to be a-doing for English officers than the writing of such anecdotes as that of the pursuit of a pretty girl down the Rue du Bac—held sacred as Corot's birthplace, and interesting as the street of Madame Récamier's salon.

Our English officer's book has among its actresses the portrait of Rachel. That, at least, promised well, and I turned to the index for the reference to this most curious and fascinating figure. But our military author marshals his pages rather ill, and, while he gives Rachel's portrait, we are guided to no passage on her in his pages.

Elsewhere, as here, Rachel plays a rather provoking part in history and in literature. That she eludes those who would take hold of her personality in its more intimate phases is strange, considering that of her genius we have the most vital picture—

Charlotte Brontë's—that exists of any actress's art! We have, too, Matthew Arnold's sonnet on the discovery, at her death, of her wearing of a hair-shirt. And I have on the one hand such lies about her as the Comte de Viel Castel delighted to set down in his diary of every woman whom he met; on the other, the formalities of Jules Janin's "Rachel et la Tragédie," the only book upon her which has found its way to my shelves. Nor does Rachel speak to us in her photographs; they are merely dowdy! Such is the obscurity that has befallen the woman in whose eyes "sat two demons."

A very modern kind of distinction is to be accorded Mr. Herbert Trench's new poem, "Apollo and the Seaman." Set to

music by Josef Holbrooke, the bellringer among musicians, and known for his music to Edgar Allan Poe's tolling poem, "Apollo and the Seaman" is to be performed in a darkened Queen's Hall. In order to accompany its accompaniment, the reading of a programme being impossible, its words will be flashed by electric rays upon a screen visible to the whole audience. Thus, say our poet and musician, hand in hand, will there be marriage of these two arts, and sight and hearing be stimulated to the most perfect sort of attention. It is an experiment, an almsgiving from one muse to her impoverished sister. For, we are told, the modern poetry-book, excepting Mr. Trench's, does not find readers, and it is necessary that we should be reminded of our poetry, like our pills, by flashlight.

There is to be a Life of Thomson—the Thomson of "The Seasons," not his namesake of "The Dreadful Night" in verse, nor yet the Thompson of the dreadful night in fact, but of the agreeable versifier of the eighteenth century, who made a surprising name, even on the Continent, by his placidities and his platitudes. But Thomson was greater than his own achievements, inasmuch as he kept the way open for Wordsworth and those real lovers of Nature who took advice or warning from the eighteenth century, and no longer regarded Nature as a lady trim as their own Dutch gardens. "Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again" was the cry sent out to the poets of the nineteenth century in view of the much-estranged lady; and they obeyed the summons. M. E.



A HUNTING NOTION—"THE KILL."

DRAWN BY A. LEETE.

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HELLO!



THE OLD LADY: Lor, Sir, I do love to 'ear you preach about 'eaven. You get so helloquent.

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.



THE side door of the Ritz was open, affording a glimpse of a heavenly cool interior, to which the colonnades abutting on Piccadilly gave added shadow. All its windows were veiled by sun-blinds, and there was a suggestion of intense repose about it, as if one stepped from the glare into a mausoleum of luxurious silence.

The same air of aristocratic reticence pervades Arlington Street, at whose corner the white Ritz has lately been erected. Its houses, level with the pavement, give no indication of the elegance within. They are narrow-fronted and old-fashioned; Nell Gwyn inhabited one; so did other illustrious ghosts of the Stuart, Queen Anne, and Georgian eras: Arlington Street is fragrant with memories. Yet it preserves its old-fashioned stateliness, and this atmosphere infects even the modern Ritz.

Marcia Vane's eyes were set rigidly upon the crowds in front of her. Arlington Street symbolised the entire West, and she did not want to be reminded of it. Her grandfather had lived there, before the crash had come and all his patrimony vanished. Now Marcia was sharing the lot of many other gently nurtured girls thrown into the world to earn their living. She was a clerk in a City office, the business office—so ran the irony—of the man who lived in the house in Arlington Street which had belonged to her forefathers. His son lived there also. That was why Marcia kept her eyes averted. For the son was in the office too, and he and Marcia had become “great friends” . . . such great friends that of late he had been walking home with her, and had shared many confidences. To-night was his last night before he left for a three months’ holiday; he was going first to their lovely country home, then to Homburg. And to-night—his last night—he had not walked home with her!

It was more than the momentary disappointment that hurt. She had built all her hopes on this last evening, telling herself that if he meant anything he would speak to-night. It was his only chance. Therefore, she had sat on in the office after the other clerks had departed, listening, waiting. He was still working in his father’s room. And then . . . the outer door had clanged, and she knew that he had gone, leaving her. . . .

Yes, he was gone now. Gone for ever.

She pressed the fact insistently into her consciousness as she plodded on. Her lips were pale and her eyes jaded. In them was the strained look which comes to delicate girls who live alone. A City office was setting its stamp upon her fineness, sapping her pride, destroying her self-confidence. Poverty had successfully attacked her looks. Her print frock was of a becoming lilac hue, and tastefully adapted to her slim young figure, but her hat bore marks of sun and rain. The straw and flowers were faded almost white, the petals were curling from their wires. The shape was one which had been popular at the beginning of the year, but had now descended to banality; she had given three-and-eleven for it, with a like sum for its floral garniture. Eight shillings had made a considerable hole in that portion of her salary which served as dress-allowance. She did not feel she ought to buy another for the month or so before the autumn. She would need a felt one then.

Besides, he was going away, and there would be no one now to look at her; and his interest had been only a passing one, born of propinquity. She did not come into his life—that happy, careless life of luxury and idleness into which he was going now for three long months.

He had not been serious. He did not want her. The humiliation of her fruitless waiting stung her to fresh anguish. That she should have fallen so low as to hang about the office, listening for his footstep, yearning for his notice! She, who had embarked on her career of wage-earning with such pride and courage, determined to preserve her dignity, her maidenly aloofness, even though she had to rub shoulders with all sorts of men. Her armoury had vanished now, it seemed, her independence fallen; and though the real name of the besieger was not poverty, but love; Marcia, desolate and smarting, blamed the fate which had cast her from the graceful courtesies of life into its hard-working stratum.

She turned wearily out of the dust and heat of Piccadilly into one of the quiet byways which connect that thoroughfare with Bond Street. She had entered now the most exclusive shopping district in the West, in whose “Salons” one or two objects only are exposed to public view. There are no big

shop-windows, blatant with plate-glass: a single chair, exquisite in line, denotes a furniture-dealer’s; a jar of faience on a velvet pedestal, or a couple of carved ivories, suggest a curio-shop; and all along the street, hats in twos or threes emerge coyly in front of neat curtains.

Yet even in Dover Street the taint of the summer sales had penetrated; and this last day of July, when fashionable clients had completed all their season’s purchases, many of the most select of milliners were indulging in a furtive burst of popular commercialism.

Marcia, listless and sick at heart, approached a window where one of these strictly under-the-rose sales was now proceeding. There she saw—the hat!

Half-a-dozen creations jostled for supremacy in the forefront of the window; the hat retired fastidiously, as if it resented their advent. Had it not reigned there in solitary state during an entire week in mid-June, and been copied for two Duchesses? A careless assistant had taken the value from its delicacy by an accident with a gum-brush; hence its downfall.

The defect, however, was only to be perceived on close inspection; Marcia only saw a crinoline shape undulating as naturally as a wave, from whose brim a branch of lilac swept, entangled in whose heavy softness was a cunning twist of silken ribbon. It was so deft, so subtle, and so simple that it might grace the plainest gown, according in colour and in substance; and Marcia’s frock was of its exact hue.

But there was a further circumstance in this exposure of the hat which sent the blood hurrying through Marcia’s veins. Plainly and unmistakably it was marked seven-and-eleven.

Hence arose a curious problem in economics. A week ago Marcia had decided she could not possibly afford another hat; but to have left this unbought when she had the required eight shillings in her purse would have been an action of mad folly which she would have regretted all her life. For the hat was not merely a head-covering: it was elegance and beauty and refinement. Long leisure moments had gone to its creation; the most practised and dexterous of fingers had sewn and plaited; the finest and the daintiest of fabrics had been carefully secured. An artist—a great artist—had planned that exquisite combination of transparent nothingness, softly heavy masses, and woven light and shadow. A duchess could have no better. . . . And it was for Marcia.

She pushed open the shop door nervously. A mirror immediately and uncompromisingly reflected her short frock, her untidy hair, her battered, sun-bleached hat. Most undoubtedly a sale customer. But Marcia’s spirit was afire. The supercilious air of the assistant, the thick carpet on which her shoes left dusty imprints, the utter shabbiness of her attire beside the luxury around her, did not dismay her. They sank into insignificance before the loveliness of the hat.

It was even more beautiful close to, in the assistant’s hands; on, it transfigured Marcia. The simple frock became a cunningly devised foil to its seductiveness. The lilac formed a soft and drooping background to her face, refining its paleness, deepening the violet shadows in her eyes. Her pose instinctively grew more erect. The bitter and dejected clerk faded from the mirror; in her place an elegant young woman surveyed herself with a nonchalance which could not hide the mounting flush of pleasure.

She carried it home herself, bearing the large box as though it were the Holy Grail. Did it not contain a real piece of the softly moving world of beauty, where charm was the attribute of womanhood, its only business?

Her heart might ache still, but her self-respect was rehabilitated, for she would wear the hat to-morrow, and he would see it. His last glimpse of her would be a transformed vision, like to the women of his world. Cheaply fashioned hats may bear cunning resemblance to costly substitutes, but they can never give confidence to their wearer. There are a hundred little subtleties which remain the property of the great sartorial artists, and of which every woman is acutely conscious. She may imitate well, but beside the real thing, her fabrications lose their glamour. Equipped in the first-fruits of the Paris showrooms, a woman is new born. She treads the earth with exquisite security, knowing that her armour has no flaw.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE AMATEUR CAMILLE CLIFFORD, AND OTHERS:
SOCIETY GIBSON GIRLS.



THE GIBSON GIRLS IN THE AMATEUR PRODUCTION OF "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE SCALA.

To-morrow (Thursday, the 16th), Friday, and Saturday, "The Catch of the Season" is to be played by a company of well-known amateurs, at the Scala Theatre, in aid of the funds of the Kensington General Hospital. We give photographs of the Society ladies who are playing the Gibson girls, in the costume of their parts. Miss Enid Lang, a niece of Lord Iveagh, is appearing as Angela; and also in the cast are Mr. Noel Curtis Bennett, son of the well-known police-magistrate, who is to play the Duke of St. Jermyn's; Mr. Ernest Thesiger, a nephew of Lord Chelmsford, who is playing Lord Dundreary; Mr. Clifford C. Erskine-Bolst, who is playing Lord Charles Yatton; and Miss Bertha Selous, niece of the well-known hunter and explorer, who is playing Miss Caw.

*The Heads of Gibson Girls reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. James Henderson and Sons, Publishers of Dana Gibson's Drawings;
Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano*

A like thrill actuated Marcia as she set off to the office next day, in the full glory of her new equipment. The morning stimulated her; the sky was of a clear, bright blue, in which great masses of cloud chased each other, making the sunlight fitful. She lifted up her head, enjoying the early freshness. Even the City streets took on an air of exhilarating busyness. There was a deeper and more spiritual joy beneath the exultation which the hat had bought. His last sight of her would not be in miserable dejection, but in spirited independence. Pleasure had come to her apart from him. For the moment he no longer supplied all interest and well-being: she drew strength from another source.

The jolting of the omnibus had lulled her into a hypnotic forgetfulness of her surroundings. She sat, her eyes dream-laden, her lips half-parted in proud anticipation, heedless of the hurrying, watery clouds. The sunlight had almost disappeared. A big drop splashed upon her, then another, and another. Marcia started to horrified realisation that a shower was pelting down.

There is no more defenceless position than the open top of an old-fashioned omnibus. One is perched up in mid-air, exposed to the full fury of the elements, without a vestige of protection. Even as Marcia started to her feet to make a rush for shelter, she felt the water beating on—the hat! Buoyed by the treacherous promise of the morning, she had come umbrella-less.

It took time to make her way down the narrow stair, time before the omnibus would stop (the inside was full); a hurried dash across the road left her skirt splashed. When she reached a doorway, a glance into the window-pane told her what she had known . . . the hat was ruined.

Limp and sagging, the crinoline clung to her hair, the ribbon was a soaked pulp, the lilac had a miserably sodden look. In five minutes her uplifting purchase had become a draggled piece of finery, tawdry, irrevocably weather-beaten. And no one had seen her in it—no one who counted.

So great was the tragedy that it numbed her. She walked on to the office, her head held up mechanically, her eyes staring unseeingly before her.

The sun was shining now, blazing down in foolish atonement for the cruel trick it had been playing. Marcia felt it warm on her soaked shoulders. But, what matter now? The hat was ruined!

She turned into the square where was her place of business, and then her disappointment sprang up with a sting so keen that it brought the tears to her eyes and the colour flaming in her cheeks. The man whom she loved, on whose behalf anticipation had run so high, stood in the doorway watching for her! Rather pale and eager, yet so alert, so trim, so beautifully groomed, such—such a contrast! Oh! if the rain had not rushed down, and he could have seen the hat as it was when she started! Now, it was the climax of her agony that he should mark the full extent of her bedragglement.

He had seen her; had raised his hat; was coming towards her. Marcia's figure stiffened; she raised her head desperately: she must rise superior to her clothes; she must do her best to carry off the awful situation.

Yet there was neither disgust nor pity in his eyes. He was uttering incomprehensible remarks. It dawned on Marcia that he was telling her he had been waiting for her; that he had kept away from her last night because he would not speak to her until he had made things all right with his people, for he could not go away and leave her toiling in the City; that his people had taken it splendidly; his father had known Marcia's grandfather, had been full of sympathy; Marcia was to come down to his home to stay . . .

"That is, if you care, Marcia! If you care enough to take me for always, not as a chance companion. I haven't dared to ask that; I was afraid of losing you before I had the chance to make myself useful—and necessary. I've tried to do that. Oh, Marcia, do answer!"

For Marcia was staring at him as if dazed. She had given up hope so completely that the sudden realisation of her dearest dreams bid fair to stun her. She turned from him, and began to walk on mechanically to the office; her brain was whirling so, she could not frame the words to answer. Even the hat was forgotten.

"Marcia! If it's no, say so. I can't wait."

No . . . No! When her whole soul was thrilling with a joy so great it dazed her. They had entered the little hall. Marcia turned . . .

Later—oh, much later—after Marcia had been conducted into the august presence of the chief, his father, and been welcomed as his future daughter—after she had given up her desk-key, for she was never to come back again, he and she found themselves in a hansom, driving to Marcia's rooms. She was to be carried off at once by this impetuous young lover. She was to pack at once and go with him to his people's country place—to share his holiday.

And then, as Marcia sat gazing with softly shining eyes, wondering at the chance that had lifted her from hardship and humiliation to security and eternal happiness, she heard his voice.

"How lovely you look, Marcia! I never saw you look so nice as when you came through that dingy square. You seemed like a vision of summer. I believe—I believe—it's your hat! It's a new one, isn't it?"

The hat! Marcia gave a start of recollection; her eyes instinctively sought the little square of looking-glass. Why, what was that loveliness that was looking back at her?

Cheeks of rose, eyes like burning stars, shadowed, surmounted, framed by a lilac mist. Sweetly the brim rolled back, elegantly undulating as ever; heavily the lilac clustered, in no way damaged by their rain baths; airily the ribbon floated, dried by the kindly magic of the sun.

Serene and debonair as ever, the hat curved round the sweet girl-face, touching the dark hair lightly, with a protecting nonchalance, as if sure of its own worth.

Rain and sun might leave faint traces, but the artist's skill defied inroads, rising superior, triumphant.

Elegant as ever, the hat floated above Marcia's hair; yet with a certain caressing condescension, as if to say, "My dear, did you ever doubt me?"

THE END.



"What are we looking at, Guv'nor?
Well, you see those carriages there?"

It's a wedding, that's what it is, Sir;
And ain't they a beautiful pair?"

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

IT is questionable whether, after all, the Duke of Westminster's burgling guests were the pioneers in popularising the profession of the uninvited nocturnal caller. Ask Mr. R. G. Knowles, and he will tell you that to him belongs the credit of the thing. He was sailing to Madeira, and there happened to be on board a gentleman with an ear-trumpet, an insinuating manner, and a sigh which accompanied his smile. The obvious sternness of the comedian's demeanour and the sedate character of his attire made the peculiar gentleman carefully reconnoitre R. G., so to speak. At last he put up his trumpet and sailed in on a vocation of

the deserving, it might have been the last. On the night that D'Oyly Carte introduced electric lighting into the Savoy he snapped an electric lamp upon the stage to show how safe the new illuminant was. Soon afterwards Mr. Barrington detected the dreaded smell of burning. There was a stretch of woodwork blazing fiercely in one of the rooms not seen by the audience: a wire had fused, and the theatre was for the moment in peril, though none but the members of the company knew it. The fire was soon extinguished, and Mr. Barrington lives unscathed still to charm us with his melodious singing and his easy acting.



MONEY FOR THE POCKETLESS: THE NEW ALUMINIUM COINS.

The aluminium coins were struck for use in Uganda, and in the Nigerian Protectorate, and include half-cent pieces and one-tenth-of-a-penny pieces. They are intended to displace cowrie-shells, and holes are pierced through the centre of them in order that the natives may string them together, as they have been accustomed to string the shells. They are made of aluminium, as so many of them have to be carried to make up an appreciable sum.—[Photograph by T. Sturdee.]

interrogation. "Are you one of us?" he asked engagingly. "Oh, yes; I'm on the ship," was the answer. "You do not understand," said the other; "I mean, are you a minister?" Said R. G.— "No, not exactly; my mother wished me to be one, but I chose burglary." There came the sigh and the smile of gratification as the stranger sheered off, manifestly satisfied with his interview, and convinced of the entire respectability of the calling named.

Behind the Scenes. It seems absurd to say so, but Mr. Rutland Barrington is five-and-fifty to-day. Looking at a portrait taken fifteen years ago, it is obvious that time has

Parisian Politeness Encore. Parisians are still discussing this question of politeness to women. It seems that the rather scornful, stand-offish, and "do-not-trouble-yourself" attitude of women has something to do with it. The man who, seated at the far end of one of the famous three-horsed buses, makes a painful progress across the feet and knees of fellow-passengers to relieve the solitary lady standing in the rain on the platform does not like to be told that he might have saved his trouble, as she prefers the fresh air. Another dame, who was offered a seat on the top of an omnibus by a man who was farthest from her,



FROM BRAKEMAN TO MILLIONAIRE: MR. H. G. DAVIS, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MAUD ASHFORD, SOCIETY REPORTER.

Mr. Henry Gassaway Davis, who was the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States in 1904, is to marry Miss Maud Ashford, a reporter of Society news. Mr. Davis began his working life as a brakeman, and later was a conductor on a railway. He can now boast of a fortune of some six million pounds. He is in his eighty-fifth year, and Miss Ashford is thirty-five.

Photograph by Parker.

made up her mind to stand still in his case. He was a rather aged man of forty, but he is the youngest man in the world for his present score. What dreams of happy evenings, what memories of delightful music and superb acting at the Savoy his name revives! The Savoy's was the first stage that ever called him, and but for the good fairies which watch over the destinies of



THE MILLINER COUNTESS: THE COUNTESS FABRICOTTI, WHO IS TO MARRY BARON CHARLES ALIOTTI, OF THE ITALIAN EMBASSY IN PARIS.

The Countess Fabricotti, whose forthcoming marriage to Baron Aliotti is likely to be a very smart spring function, was the first lady of title who started in business under her own name, and her millinery establishment has proved brilliantly successful. Baron Aliotti is a diplomatist, and at the present time he holds the responsible post of Councillor to the Italian Embassy in Paris.

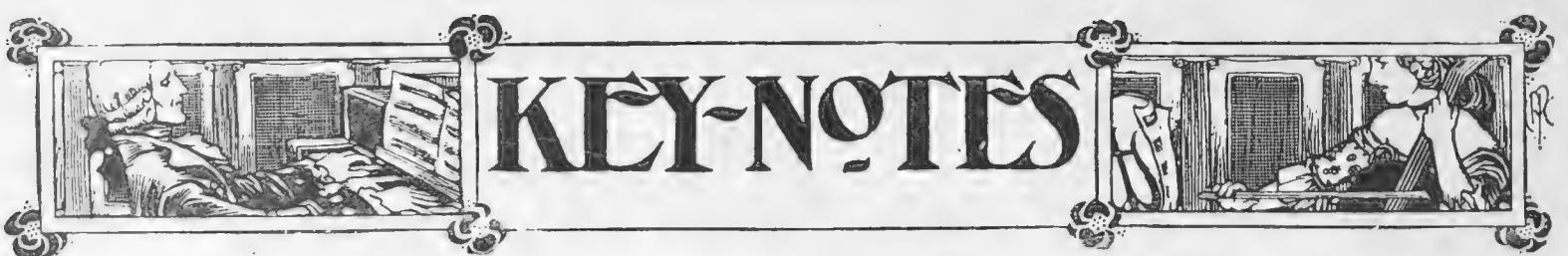
Photograph by Bassano.



BILLIARDS ON THE LAWN: A MATCH IN PROGRESS.

Lawn billiards is still being played in London, and our photograph shows three enthusiasts at Regent's Park, on one of the few remaining "links." The "lawn," or table, is circular, and in the centre, mounted on a swivel, is a ring that can be turned in any direction. This ring is just large enough for the ball to pass through. The ball is propelled by means of the ring shown at the end of the "cues." The game is for twenty-one points. Two is scored for a cannon, and one if the ball passes through the ring.—[Photograph by Halftones.]

snapped out, as she settled herself comfortably: "Yes; and I have waited long enough for it"—which, of course, is not the spirit in which to accept any favour, however small. It is the fear of being snubbed that keeps the Parisian from offering his seat to the fair—at least; so he says, and many a mere man of other nations will sympathise with him.



KEY-NOTES

ON Thursday of next week the long-looked-for Joachim Memorial-Concert is to be given at the Queen's Hall, when the London Symphony Orchestra will bear the burden, and Dr. Allen, of Oxford, will wield the baton. Lady Hallé, that veteran violinist upon whom some part of the mantle of Dr. Joachim has fallen, is to be the soloist, and will be heard in the composer's Nocturne for Violin and Orchestra, and the Andante from his Violin Concerto in G. A chorus of three hundred and fifty singers from the Bach Choirs of London and Oxford, and the Cambridge University Musical Society, will take part in some of the Bach "St. Matthew" Passion music, and the famous German Requiem of Brahms will bring the concert to a fitting close. Thursday's performance will hold more than a merely musical interest—it is a small but appropriate memorial of one of the great masters of nineteenth-century music, a man whose worth has perhaps been under-estimated,

If the Carl Rosa Opera Company had done nothing better in its recent season than revive Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda," it would retire from London leaving us in its debt. For Thomas was one of the sanest and soundest masters of English music, by whose death the country was left appreciably poorer. He was eminently a serious musician, one to whom resources of harmony and counterpoint were means to an end, and that end the presentation of musical thought in polished form. Then, again, he had a feeling for the voices entrusted to his charge. He did not regard the human voice as an instrument to lie on the top of a score and fight with desperate determination to hold its own against a mass of unsympathetic and difficult ornamentation. He did not treat opera as a medium for showing that he could write very clever music, nor did he seek to deal in musical imagery that is merely sensuous or even sensual. His scores, while they satisfy the trained



THE ILLUMINATED SYMPHONY AT QUEEN'S HALL: MR. HERBERT TRENCH, AUTHOR OF "APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN."

An interesting experiment is to be made in Queen's Hall on the 20th, when a concert described as the "Illuminated Symphony" will be given. The hall will be in darkness, and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's music to Mr. Herbert Trench's poem on "human immortality," "Apollo and the Seaman," will be played while the words of the poem are shown on a screen in letters of light. At the same time will be produced the symphonic poem, "The Shepherd," by W. H. Bell.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]

possibly because he played in public when the years had robbed his hand of a part at least of its cunning.

The concert season wakes but slowly from its Christmas sleep, and at the time of writing there has been little or nothing of note since December turned towards its latter end. But the Sunday concerts have been thriving, and at the Albert Hall they have been particularly good. We have heard singers and players of the first class, and the London Symphony Orchestra has responded with more than ordinary skill to the musical theories of several conductors. The success of the series is most pronounced. Week after week the house is well filled, and the audience seems to show rather more discrimination in its appreciation than audiences at some other concert-halls in the Metropolis. We cannot help thinking that the players must be grateful for this discrimination. Trained musicians can hardly avoid a feeling akin to annoyance when their efforts, however varied, meet with exactly the same response, and the attitude of the audience suggests that it has assembled to get as much as it can for its money, and that the quality of the work presented is of less importance than the quantity.



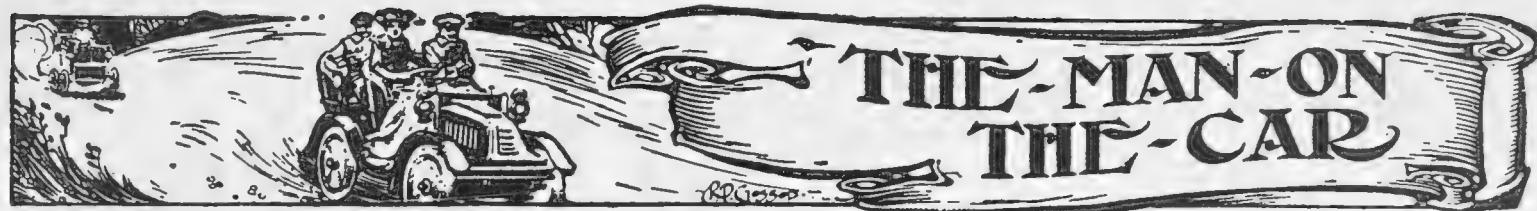
THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF STRAUSS'S "SALOME" AT QUEEN'S HALL: DR. RICHARD STRAUSS, WHO WILL CONDUCT HIS WORK.

Dr. Richard Strauss is to conduct the greater portion of "Salome" at Queen's Hall on March 19. The programme will include the scene between Salome and Iokanaan, the Dance of Salome, and the Final Scene. Dr. Strauss is conductor at the Royal Opera House, Berlin. He was born at Munich in 1864; was conductor at Meiningen in 1885; was Hofkapellmeister at Weimar and Munich; and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. The red ribbon was awarded to him last year.

musician, appeal to the heart. They are the work of a man who was a musical enthusiast, and treated every phase of his work with respect; and, withal, Goring Thomas had the true artistic instinct. If he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve it was not that he had no heart to wear: it was rather that he preferred to keep it in the proper place. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since "Esmeralda" was given for the first time, and the favourable impression that it made then is confirmed and even strengthened now.

Thomas was a Sussex man, who started to study music later than most of those who come before the public as composers; and with the exception of a brief sojourn in Paris, he learned all he knew in his own land. Had he been spared, there is no reason to doubt that he would have enriched our store of English opera very considerably. ... It will be remembered that we owe to the Carl Rosa Company the production of another beautiful opera from his pen, "Nadeshda," given for the first time in 1885. Nowadays you may hear the composer's music on the Continent from time to time, but in England there seems to be but little room for him, though much work of less value finds a place.

COMMON CHORD.



ANOTHER SCOUT CASE: THE POLICE FAIL AGAIN—THE CLUBS, THE R.A.C. AND THE M.U.: SUGGESTED COUNTRY MEMBERSHIP—THE DUBLIN MOTOR SHOW, AND SOME FEATURES—BROOKLANDS RACING: A WISE BARRING PROVISION—PETROL DOWN AGAIN.

MOTORISTS generally will rejoice in the failure of another anti-scout case, preferred this time by the police at Newmarket Petty Sessions. Upon the occasion in question the A.A. man appears to have stood at the very beginning of the measured furlong in order to control the motor traffic. Sir Charles Mathews, K.C., contended that there was no illegality in preventing the commission of an offence by supplementing the warnings given by the speed-limit signs. The Bench, not being satisfied that there was sufficient evidence of wilful obstruction, dismissed the case. Of course, it is difficult to imagine that sane men could take any other course under the circumstances; but nevertheless, I still remain puzzled as to why the scout should be instructed to take his stand at the end of the snare, and right opposite the timing policeman. Surely it would be better to warn motorists as to the ten-mile limit at this point half a mile or so before they reach it?

The club canvass by the Royal Automobile Club and the Motor Union is said to be resulting very largely in favour of the latter body. A proportion of six to one was mentioned last week, but whether this is so or no will be certainly known by the time these lines are read. The Irish Automobile Club have, I know, thrown in their lot with the R.A.C., and I more than fancy that the Scottish Automobile Club will do likewise. Wales has no national club at present, but that is not an irremediable feature. If some scheme could be formulated by which the recognised members of provincial automobile clubs could become something akin to country members of the R.A.C., with partial use of the new building presently to raise its head in Pall Mall, the provincial club member would consider he was getting something very tangible for his money, and would rally in great numbers to the big club. But the subscription must be light.

The attention of Irish motorists was fully engrossed last week with the successful automobile exhibition promoted (for the second time) by the Irish Automobile Club, and held at Balls Bridge, world-famous by reason of the Dublin Horse Show. Whether the I.A.C.'s venture will ever be as popular with our friends across St. George's Channel as the function at which so much "leppin'" takes place is a matter upon which I shall not dare to pronounce, but, weather notwithstanding, the I.A.C. show of 1908 has proved vastly more popular than the initial venture. Compared, of course, with the Olympia or Grand Palais fixtures, the exhibits were few in

number, although splendidly representative, as will be understood when I say that, through their agents, the Daimler Company, the Sunbeam Motor Company, and the Reo Motor Company, amongst others, showed cars of various prices.

Accessories, always attractive features of such an exhibition, were well presented, much interest being shown in the design and operation of the ingenious Michelin automatic tyre-inflator, and the simple, convenient, and reliable Michelin detachable rim, which can be most rapidly dismounted, and again set in position, once the tyro has been shown just the way to do it. The new tyre-pressure tester, a most necessary instrument to own and use if tyres are to wear to the uttermost, was also exhibited and demonstrated.

The sacred lamp of motor-racing is to be kept alive at Brooklands during the coming season, and from a communication to hand from the assistant secretary, steps have been taken to frame conditions in such wise that in the standard horse-power races, which are to be continued, one car may not prove a continuous winner, with the result of entirely drying up entries for such events. Having scored in one such event, the victorious

car will have to stand down for two races, after which it may compete again in its class, or remain eligible to take part in a standard championship race to be held at the last meeting of the season, in which the winners of the various standard races will meet for a decisive struggle.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is none the less certain that the average motorist watches the price of petrol

with considerable concern, and is far from comfortable in his mind when the price per gallon runs much over the shilling. One-and-four, one-and-five, and eighteenpence have been paid by motorists driving here and there about the country during the recent holidays, but an announcement was made last week by the purveyors of that excellent fuel known as "Shell" motor-spirit that for the future, and until further notice, they will supply motor agents and garages within the Metropolitan area with "Shell"



MOTORING WEATHER WE COULD ENJOY! A PICNIC PARTY
ON MOUNT GREEN, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The car is a 15-h.p. Coventry-Humber.



THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY CHARIOT OF FIRE: A MOTOR-CAR ABLAZE IN THE STREETS.

spirit of rather better quality than heretofore at 10d. per gallon, in the usual well-known red two-gallon cans. Now that this is so, 2s. 3d. should purchase two gallons anywhere within the Metropolitan area.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

GILPIN'S STABLE—MR. THURSBY—CLUB MEMBERS.

WITH an ordinary share of luck Mr. Purcell Gilpin should have a good season this year; in fact, no trainer at Newmarket seems to have brighter prospects. This time last year he appeared to have a good time in store, but something went wrong, and he could not get his horses to hand in time for them to show their true form for the early classics and handicaps. What Galvani would have done in the Derby had he been properly wound up must always remain a matter of conjecture. We were all pretty well Slieve Gallion mad on the day of the race, but I could not help noticing what a magnificent animal Galvani was, and made a mental note of him. Ascot came too soon after Epsom for us to expect that the upstanding chestnut son of Laveno would be ready, but after the Royal Meeting he came into his form, and went through the remainder of the season unbeaten. At the Second July Meeting at Newmarket he beat My Pet II., and he cantered home in front of a few moderate animals at Goodwood. At Newbury he made a hack of Stickup, who ought to have won the Cambridgeshire, and did win the Derby Cup. Even better than that was his defeat of Bridge of Canny, Malua, and Sancy in the Champion Stakes at the Second October Meeting at Newmarket. So that each time he ran he showed improved form. He is developing into a magnificent four-year-old, and if he does not prove to be one of the best of his age in training I shall be surprised. Another in much the same category is Baltinclass. From the time he made such a promising show as a gawky, undeveloped two-year-old in the

Dewhurst Plate it seemed tolerably certain that he would do big things when he got muscle on to his frame. It was a long time coming, but towards the end of last season he did well, and at Manchester atoned for the Cesarewitch disappointment. Like Galvani, he is making up into a grand four-year-old. With this couple, and Chandelier, Dawnay, French Partridge, Siberia, and others, Gilpin should have a "happy and prosperous New Year."

It was generally believed last season that Mr. George Thursby would confine his riding on the flat to Corinthian and other welter races, but the temptation to ride the winner of a "classic" race has been too strong; he has been invited to ride Sir Archibald, and has accepted. I hope he will realise his ambition at Epsom; it

would be a rare treat to see an amateur ride a Derby winner. All sorts of things have happened to prevent Mr. Thursby winning either the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby. It was thought that Bill of the Play had an admirable chance in the first-named race a couple of years since, but he might just as well have remained at home, for he was left at the post. The starter was confining his attention to getting Black Arrow to face the barrier, and by the time he had succeeded Mr. Thursby's mount had his

tail where his head ought to have been. Mr. Thursby was even more unfortunate in the Derby won by St. Amant. On that day the very elements conspired to the defeat of John o' Gaunt. The horse was good enough and the jockey was good enough, but just as the starting-lever was released a practically simultaneous flash of lightning and peal of thunder so frightened St. Amant that he was terrified into a pace that he was never able to reproduce. Mr. Thursby's second attempt to win the Derby ended in the defeat of Picton by Spear mint. This time his mount met a much better animal, and no jockey could have got Picton home a winner. Besides being a brilliant race-rider, Mr. Thursby has acted as judge at bloodhound trials, and when the late Sir John Thursby was Master of the New Forest Hounds, he carried the horn for several years. In addition, he was once Master of the Ledbury Hunt.

Members of racing clubs are inclined to grumble when frost, snow, or flood robs them of a day or two's sport. If they were to consider the question quietly, however, they would see that they get a lot more for

their money than those men who are not Club members, but go racing regularly. The member gets on an average, say, a fortnight's racing for about a "tenner," which brings him, in addition, greater comfort and other advantages which are unobtainable by those who are content to pay a "quid a nob" to go into Tattersall's. Take Kempton Park, for instance. This year there are seventeen days' racing, so that on admission fees alone the member is money in pocket over the regular racegoer, and is allowed to take two ladies with him. So that without going further into the matter it can easily be seen what a pull the member has. He can actually afford to lose a few days' racing.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



1. COLD COMFORT: THE SKATING POLICE LUNCHING.
2. LOCAL CONSTABULARY ON DUTY ON THE ICE AT LINGAY FEN.

ON A STRANGE BEAT: POLICEMEN ON SKATES.

Photographs by the Illustration Bureau.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Sempiternal Hoyden. We are all inclined, in these strenuous days, to be a trifle censorious about the romps and practical jokers who happily flourish in our midst; but it is a curious fact that the high-born hoyden has always existed in English society. She was discoverable—without a lantern—even among the prunes and prisms of the Early Victorian era; while in the eighteenth century, for all its ceremonious curtseyings, its pinched waists, its hoops and high heels, the girls seem to have behaved with even more *abandon* and light-heartedness than the athletic young persons of to-day. When Sir Joshua painted the lovely Lady Sarah Bunbury in the pleasing act of "sacrificing to the Graces," Mrs. Thrale was said to have made the unkind comment: "She never did sacrifice to the Graces; she used to play cricket and eat beefsteaks on the Steyne at Brighton!" This trivial remark opens up whole vistas into a bygone social life. It means that the enchanting sirens of Reynolds and Gainsborough nourished themselves on British beef, and were not always to be found in the elegant and reposeful attitudes in which the two great eighteenth-century artists used to depict them. This lovely maiden playing cricket on the Steyne at Brighton is a pendant to the vision of the famous Duchess of Gordon, who used as a little girl (and she was the daughter of a Scottish baronet of ancient lineage) to amuse herself by riding pigs in the narrow wynds of Edinburgh. I fancy not even our twentieth-century hoydens can better the exploits of these two celebrated ladies in their high-hearted youth.

The Danger of Memoirs. Most people of parts (and some of no pretensions) have, at some time or other of their lives, an irresistible desire to publish their reminiscences. Usually, to be sure, they leave this adventure into the world of books too late, essaying, when they have nearly

reached fourscore, to amuse their younger contemporaries with an account of bygone experiences. But at seventy odd you cannot, as Dr. Johnson called it, "commence author." The trick of writing must be learned earlier, and it behoves all would-be memoir-makers to set about the business in the prime of life. Two modern women in Society understand the question to a nicety, and thus we have Lady Randolph Churchill already delighting American readers with her amusing comments on London and Paris, while another famous

adventures, we should not wait till we are senile before we begin to talk. For the chief danger of memoir-writing is that the author is more apt to "give himself away" to his readers than to give away his contemporaries.

An Idea for Women Artists. Every year thousands of square yards of canvas are assiduously covered with paint by artists, male and female after their kind, with no hope of selling these so-called works of art to a generation surfeited with modern pictures. It has long been obvious that collectors will give



[Copyright.]

A BLOUSE IN ROSE-PETAL PINK MOUSSELINE DE SOIE

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

fancy sums for Reynolds and Gainsboroughs, Romneys and Hoppners, but will not nowadays disburse a fifty-pound note even for a once-famous canvas by Snooks, R.A. And if the masculine painters feel the hardness of the times, how much more do the feminine artists! People have become tired of having their portraits painted, even though they are depicted in evening dress and diamond tiara, or in "pink," surrounded by the fox-hounds of which they are such popular and spirited Masters. Of miniatures, too, we are becoming a trifle satiated, but a field of enterprise lies open to the artist who will revive the exquisite art of portraiture in enamel, such as was practised by Petitot and Bordier in the times of Charles I. and Louis XIV. Enamelling is an art which can be practised with brilliant success by women, as we see from the annual exhibits of the Misses Ella and Nelia Casella; and it only remains for one of our beautiful young Duchesses to set the fashion for the world of London to have their portraits done in enamel and surrounded with precious stones.

High Jinks in London.

Women who like a continual *va et vient* will have their fill of pleasuring next season, for

not only is there to be a Garden Club at the French Exhibition, where ladies will entertain, but the great Pageant will assuredly take up the time and thoughts of multitudes of the more leisured sex. The instinct for "dressing-up" is, I believe, a primeval one, and the name of the people who are mummers at heart is apparently legion. The Pageant of London—which requires a lake or river in its foreground—will most probably be held in the sylvan glades of Regent's Park. The Botanical Gardens would form an almost ideal spot for a spectacular drama, and if wild fowl of any kind are required in addition to the human performers, the Zoological Gardens are near at hand to provide anything the managers might require in the way of bird or beast. Altogether, the season of 1908 promises to be a lively and variegated one.



[Copyright.]

A TEA-GOWN OF SOFT SATIN, EMBROIDERED WITH SILK CORD.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

beauty and wit, Lady Warwick, has announced her intention of publishing her views and experiences of the last quarter of a century. This is as it should be. When we wish to tell the story of our

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

IT is quite worth while to go to the pantomime, not only for the brightness on the stage, but for the true enjoyment of it. Nothing is so exhilarating as the natural, spontaneous laughter of children. They are at home just now, and doing parties and pantomimes nightly. There is a different tone in the sound of grown-up merriment when it mingles with that of youngsters. The cinematograph motor-trip of Aladdin and his magician uncle at the Adelphi is greeted by shouts of glee in childish treble, boyish mezzo-soprano, and manly bass. It is second only to the quips and cranks of the Widow Twankey and the grotesque grace of Gretchen. I believe children are really becoming natural once again, and the best symptom of a recovery of real old-world childish feeling is enjoyment of a good pantomime.

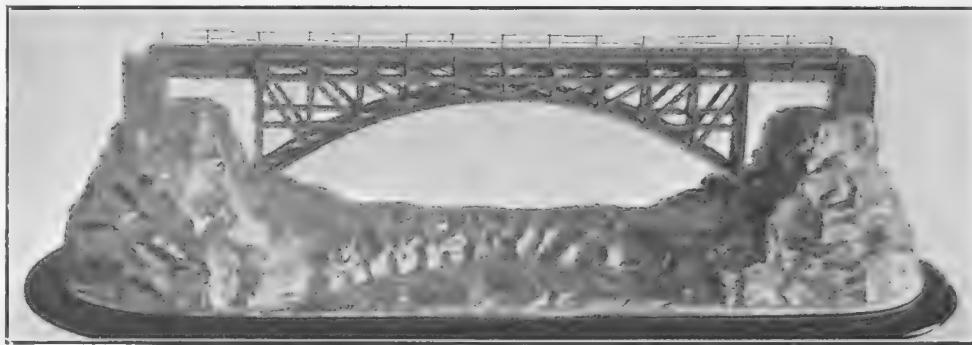
Our very best dress bargains at the sales—we have most of us something to exult over—will be unsatisfactory if our corsets are wrong. It is therefore well for us that the London Corset Company are holding their annual winter sale at 28, New Bond Street. There are few corsets like French ones, and this company's are made, every one of them, in Paris. The reductions during the sale are on a generous scale, and all corsets are of the newest shape, two to three inches longer in the back than last season. The famous Tricot corset, so great a favourite with smart women, is 67s. 6d., instead of 73s. 6d., and beautiful brocaded coutille can be secured for from 19s. 11d. to 40s. 6d., which were in the ordinary way 22s. 6d. to 45s. There is also a large variety of dainty blouses being sold for less than half their original cost, starting at 8s. 6d. Some of these are of fine Cluny lace, and all are of French make. Winter coats, wanted now if ever they were, are being sold from 25s., silk lined. Then there are a few models of morning dresses and costumes from 27s. 6d., and some models of furs being disposed of regardless of cost. Therefore, whether we require clothing outside or in, or those things without which the most beautiful gowns ever made are as nothing, the sale at the London Corset Company's is a rare opportunity.

Weather has an extraordinary effect on business. Before Christmas there was a slump in fur coats. The week of intense cold changed all that, and the fur departments at all the sales were crammed with customers. Then came the thaw and milder weather, and again a cessation of interest in furs. I find that the doctors' best friends—short fur coats to the waist—are being discarded in favour of those that come well down over the hips. Better a little more for a coat than a big doctor's bill. What, however, is more important than money is the smart appearance. Eyes are becoming accustomed to the longer coats, which give better lines, even if the waist be less clearly defined. Many are, of course, quite tightly, and more are semi-fitting.



A CHALLENGE SHIELD FOR A CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM RACE.

The illustration represents a challenge shield subscribed for by the members of the Royal Army Temperance Association, connected with the Royal West Riding Regiment, stationed at Lichfield. It is for a five-mile cross-country team race, eligible only to men belonging to the Association. It was designed and manufactured by the well-known firm of silversmiths, The Association of Diamond Merchants, Limited, Trafalgar Square, London.



A SILVER MODEL OF A VIADUCT ON THE BENGUELLA RAILWAY.

At the recent meeting of the Tanganyika Concessions, a silver model of the viaduct "Ayres d'Ornellas," Lengue Gorge, which is on the "Rack" section of the Benguella Railway, excited great interest and admiration. The model, which is exactly to scale, and correct to the smallest detail, reflects great credit on the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, who reproduced it.



A NEW CENTREPIECE FOR THE MESS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MALAY STATES GUIDES.

The centrepiece was presented to the officers' mess, Malay States Guides, by the tradesmen of Taiping of all nationalities. It was made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158, Oxford Street, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and 220, Regent Street, W.

There was quite a smart audience at the Savoy for "Arms and the Man" when I was there the other evening. I saw the prettiest white-and-silver Empire dress I have seen for a long time, worn by a young married lady in a box. The Empire outline was suggested, rather than clearly defined, by the silver bands of glittering embroidery, and every ornament worn was in Empire style. The programme might be defined as a powder and a spoonful of jam, the moral lesson conveyed by "The Convict on the Hearth" being the powder, and Mr. Shaw's topsy-turvy brilliance the jam. A good many of the audience missed the first and enjoyed the second, in the doing of which they lost much. Miss Lillah McCarthy's dress in the second act of "Arms and the Man" was delightful. It recalled that period of the 'eighties when flounced skirts, small paniers, and dress-improvers were in vogue.

I remember it well, and the swing of our skirts at the back and the neat little close bonnets, composed of a few flowers, that were worn, and little coats of velvet or cloth. Best of all, I recollect that a well-known daily paper in the early 'eighties, first timidly essaying to gratify the growing interest in dress, gave a description of costumes worn on Cup Day at Ascot. This was evidently done by

a man, for two women, as well known now as then, found themselves figuring in their pet morning paper as having worn respectively a brown and grey dress-improver! No other portion of their costumes was mentioned, and for many months their lives were a burden to them from the chaff slung at them on every occasion. How different is it now, when men describe women's dress glibly if incorrectly. Recently a Duchess, who is always well turned out, was said, in a daily paper, to have worn a pink, quilted satin hat, as if she had tired her head with a teapot-cosy. Prince Francis of Teck was also proclaimed to have been at the Opera one night in a ruby velvet mantle trimmed with ermine, about which apocryphal costume it was long ere his Highness heard the last!

Malcolm Scott must study the fashions—he exemplifies so many different styles as the Widow Twankey in "Aladdin." His green tea-gown is beautiful, if bulky; but of all his frocks the Gibson girl creation, with brilliant embroideries, is the kindest to his figure. What appeals to our sex is the way he keeps tenderly patting in a lady-like way his Dutch doll coiffure at the sides and back. It is a deliciously womanly touch!

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a tea-gown of soft satin embroidered with silk cord and trimmed with lace. The hanging sleeves are caught together with cord and tassels. The blouse illustrated is in palest rose-petal pink mousseline-de-soie, with insertions of lace dyed the same shade and flowers embroidered on it in raised pink and shaded pale green silk.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 28.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE Bank return was one of unusual strength, showing an increase of £2,800,000 in the reserve, and a proportion to liabilities of the high figure of over 48 per cent. With over thirty-four-and-a-half millions of coin and bullion in the Bank's strong-rooms, a 6 per cent. rate is an anomaly, but the directors no doubt remembered that gold in considerable quantities will be wanted for the Argentine shortly, and demands from other quarters are also more than probable, while next month France can take back the money sent here during the worst of the Yankee crisis. For the moment the Bank has lost control of the market, and the position is hopeful for cheaper money in the near future.

The Indian Loan has proved a success, but the market is somewhat depressed by the number and size of the new capital issues which are impending. The Great Central and Great Western Railway Companies are, on their joint guarantee, about to appeal for two-and-a-half millions, and several of the Argentine Railways are already making arrangements for Debenture issues of considerable importance.

If the investor were only given a six months' rest from new issues, there would soon be an appreciation all round in the prices of good stocks, but there is very little chance of the patient getting the remedy he most requires.

HOME RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

One of the dealers in Colonial stocks frankly stigmatised as indecent the haste with which new gilt-edged issues are being rushed out. But the Home Railway market has quite as much, if not more, ground for complaint at this outpouring of new securities, because it simply kills off all investment demand, even of more speculative type. We believe it is good to buy Great Westerns, North-Easterns, Hull and Barnsley, and Metropolitan stocks—they are all cheap at the present levels, notwithstanding the recent rise; but if the gilt-edged market is to be swamped with new stocks it means a temporary farewell to good prices in the second division, or the third or fourth, of securities. It is a crying shame that the quite bright prospect for Home Railway prices should be dimmed by this "indecent haste" on the part of gilt-edged borrowers.

THE CAREER OF KAFFIRS.

Breathless—too breathless by more than half, for permanent purposes. Quite so: the market could not be pulled up even by those prudent insiders who foresaw only disappointment in the rate at which the rise was rushed. Once give the bulls of Kaffirs a run and off they go. Wild bears can't stop them. Loss of breath will, though, and that is what will nip the present pleasant boomlet in the bud, apart altogether from the new Randfontein issue of 6 per cent. certificates. It is quite delightful, this rise, and the spirits of all who hold Kaffir shares are expanding very happily beneath the genial warmth of the change in the market temperature. Will it last, do you suppose? We would be only too glad to think so, but we have all seen this Kaffir market before. In a word, we've "had some," if you will forgive the colloquialism. Rock drills are fine things to start a rise on: the only thing against them is the doubt as to whether they will really do all they are expected to perform. Clever engineers tell us not to be too optimistic on that head, and if their expert opinion be worth anything, a 20 per cent. rise in Kaffirs within a fortnight may prove difficult to maintain. And it is easy to see, by the reaction that followed the Randfontein issue, how uncertain of itself the market is.

RHODESIAN INDIFFERENCE.

Our big Kaffir revival has passed over Rhodesian shares altogether. Certainly Chartered have moved up a sixteenth or so, and Tanganyikas gave the bears something of a fright. Concurred improvement, however, has not been attempted in the Rhodesian Market, and that is a negative virtue which must be placed to the credit of the usual crowd of manipulators. Maybe their reluctance to bid for some of the Copper shares, let us say, is due to a fear lest they might get landed if they appeared nominally as open buyers. And to buy more shares must be about the last thing in the world these gentlemen want. Whatever happens, O gentle reader, don't buy "cheap" Rhodesian shares, for if you do, all the prospects point to your being left with what you will no longer call cheap, but by that other word so often used as its synonym.

AMERICAN ANTICIPATIONS.

That the Yankees mean to have their prices better. That it is very unsafe to pull a bull of the shares. That the market lies entirely at the mercy of the manipulator. These three statements, we venture to think, will represent the opinions of a large number of people more or less intimately connected with the market. There can be no doubt that the monetary position is much clearer. There can be as little doubt that many of the Companies are getting nearly as short of cash as the average English Corporation, and that their difficulties in the way of financing are on the road to becoming acute. Would you buy Americans in the face of that? At the same time, it looks as though the other side meant to have prices better, and they could easily carry the bull campaign further if they

wished. To jump in and out, keeping rather to the bull tack, and with always a close weather eye upon the Wall Street Money Market—this is our idea of how Yankees can be made profitable gambles at the present time.

ARGENTINE LAND AND FINANCE COMPANIES.

The recent rapid recovery in the prices of Argentine Land Companies' shares should have caused no surprise to readers of *The Sketch*, who have been kept well posted as to the great possibilities attaching to many of them. The prosperity of the Argentine Republic continues unbroken, and the good prices being obtained for the crops now being harvested are likely to cause a greater demand than ever for land. It has long been thought in this country that the boom in land values in the Argentine must end in a violent reaction, and a much lower level of prices, but so far there is little sign of any serious reaction. Nor is this very surprising when it is remembered that the population of the Argentine Republic has increased by 50 per cent. in the last ten years, while the exports and imports have nearly trebled in the same time. And when it is also remembered that the area under cultivation amounts even now to only about 5 per cent. of the total area of the country, some idea may be formed of what the future may have in store for the Republic. To turn to particular Companies: the shares of the Santo Fé Land Company, to which I drew attention some weeks ago, have advanced to over 40s., while Argentine Southern shares have risen to 4s., and Port Madryns to 90s. The future of the latter Company depends mainly on the discovery of sufficient water and on the extension of the Chubut Railway to the Cordillera; and on both these points the Chairman was able to make favourable statements at the meeting on the 20th ult. Much is hoped from the visit of Mr. Frank Henderson, who is Chairman of the Chubut Central Railway Company, to the River Plate. The building of this railway would give an enormous impetus to Port Madryn, which is already forging ahead steadily, if slowly. The Argentine Southern Company has paid 30 per cent. for the year, and put aside £42,000 to a special fund to provide a bonus of 10 per cent. in each of the next three years. By the end of that time it is expected that its dividend-earning capacity will be much increased. Another Company which is doing extremely well, and whose shares seem to be rather undervalued at present, is the River Plate Trust, Loan, and Agency Company.

This Company paid 21 per cent. on its "A" shares last year, and 6s. per share on its "B" shares. For the current year it has increased its interim dividend on the "A" shares from 6s. per cent. to 8 per cent., and on the "B" shares from 1s. 6d. to 2s. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that the total distribution for the year will be larger than in 1906, and when the report is issued in March 1 shall not be surprised to see the "A" shares well over £6, and the "B" shares up in proportion. As I have pointed out before, the liability on the "A" shares is little more than nominal, and may possibly be extinguished before very long. I give below a list of some of the principal Argentine Land and Finance Companies, with the return they yield at present prices—

	Present Price.	Yield per Cent.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Argentine Land 5 per cent. Cum. Pref. ..	3 <i>1</i> — 2 <i>1</i>	5 14 3
" 4 per cent. Income bonds ..	6 <i>7</i> — 70	5 14 3
Argentine Southern Land ..	4 <i>1</i> — 2 <i>1</i>	6 13 4
Mortgage Company of River Plate ..	4 <i>1</i> — 2 <i>1</i>	7 2 0
Port Madryn ..	4 <i>1</i> — 2 <i>1</i>	..
River Plate Trust Loan and Agency "A" ..	5 <i>2</i> — 3 <i>1</i>	7 15 0
" " B" shares ..	5 — 5 <i>2</i> — 1 <i>1</i>	5 18 3
Santa Fé and Cordova Great Southern ..	3 <i>1</i> — 4 <i>1</i>	3 2 6
Santa Fé Land ..	2 — 2 <i>1</i> — 8	4 0 0

Saturday, Jan. 11, 1908.

Q.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C. B. H.—"Q's" opinion of Waihisi is so high that he does not recommend sale, even for the proposed exchange. As to Salt Union Preference, see note in our issue of July 31 last.

UNUS.—Of course you will take the new issue of Canadian Pacific shares. If you can't afford to pay for them you can sell at a good profit. The issue is like a bonus to shareholders.

SCEPTIC.—The low price is explained by the last report being very bad, and the steady decline of profits. The Company is said to be doing better, but it is doubtful. You had better wait for the report due next month.

E. V.—See answer to "C. B. H."

AURUM.—We suggest Rand Mines, Angelo, Simmer and Jack.

PRESCIENCE.—As to your investments, it depends on what you call safe. South Africa is very depressed, and the signs of improvement are not visible as yet. It is probable that the South African Companies on your list may further suffer, but we believe them all sound. We should not hold the other two, especially with the heavy liability on the shares of the Guarantee Society.

INVESTMENT (Llandudno).—We should sell the Ordinary shares in the Oil Company, and buy the Preference shares. The South Africans will march with Kafirs as a whole. We have little faith in the merits of the concern.

SPES.—The profits may fall off a little, but in such a splendidly managed Company we do not think you can go far wrong in holding.

NEPTUNE.—It seems to be a semi-private affair. We regret having no information.

ALPHA BETA.—Quite good. The L.C.C. Bill was for the establishment of a central station to supply current in bulk.

ALBION.—Worth while averaging—as a speculation, of course. New Zealand people have been buying the shares lately.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Racing this week—frost permitting—takes place at Haydock Park, Wye, and Hurst Park. At Haydock Little Sprout may win the Warrington Hurdle Race, Veglo the Makerfield Steeplechase, Merrythought the Ashton Hurdle, Time Test the Wigan Steeplechase, Baeldi the January Steeplechase, Dalharco the Earlstown Hurdle, and Tydides the Maiden Four-Year Hurdle. At Wye The Bey may win the Canterbury Steeplechase, Busbridge the Wye Handicap Hurdle, Macora the Maiden Hurdle, and Glen Mazarin the Kent Steeplechase. A few winners at Hurst Park may be: New Year Hurdle, Prince Robert; Surbiton Steeplechase, Cassiobury Park; Maiden Hurdle, Happy Evening; Novices' Steeplechase, On Guard; Middlesex Steeplechase, Valencian; January Hurdle, Stagestruck; Open Steeplechase, Mount Prospect's Fortune; Novices' Hurdle, Flax Park.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*The Explorer.*" By W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann.)—"*Rubina.*" By James Blyth. (John Long.)

"THE EXPLORER" is a novel with a plot and a theme, and the latter hinders the progress of the former—it is the interval between each instalment of the serial. The fact that it is an amusing interval does not help matters. The attention is bisected. The plot concerns Lucy Allerton, Alec MacKenzie, and some others, and has more than a touch of tragedy; the theme concerns Dick Lomas and Mrs. Crowley, and is pure comedy: the one has little concern with the other. Taken as a whole, the book is disappointing, although there is much that is good in it. It is, of course, well written, and its characters are ably drawn, clearly defined. The explorer, Alec MacKenzie, himself is an excellent study. Equally good are Lucy Allerton; Fred Allerton, her spendthrift father, who brings disgrace upon his family, and pays for his crime in gaol; and George Allerton, her weak-willed, ill-disciplined brother, who only comes near atoning for many faults by an attempt to die well. Capital, too, are certain passages of description, notably that of the Allertons awaiting the result of their father's trial, and that of the scene when MacKenzie confronts George Allerton on the night before the expedition's desperate fight to break through the Turkana and the slave-traders. The chief fault of the book, as we have already noted, is that its interest is divided, and it is a grievous fault.

Mr. Blyth refuses to tear a passion to tatters; he prefers to vivisect it, and to perform the operation under such a light that the minutest detail is revealed. That is the modern way. Whether it is better than the more conventional manner is matter for speculation. All do not care to witness such surgery, however skilled the surgeon. Mr. Blyth is skilled, but some of his probing is unpleasant. "*Rubina*" provides him with his subject, and he finds it engrossing, for the East Anglian village girl is the animal woman, a hunter of men. George Buck is fated to be her first quarry. He is in Hockingham, invalided. Rubina is attracted to him, and he to her. She woos him primitively; he is St. Anthony to her Temptress; but when he is ordered to join his regiment for South Africa they are betrothed. Then the young Squire enters her life. He sees her fresh charm, and is fascinated. She sees his passion, is calculating, and in love. Very often the pair are together. Then

Reggie gains his commission, and sails for South Africa, an officer in the regiment in which Buck is a sergeant.

Bina lay upon her bed shaken with sobbing. Then, like the sensible girl she was, she brought her matter-of-fact mind to bear, and satisfied herself that it was useless to repine over the inevitable. . . . "Lor'! Bain't that a rum un as he should jine the very ridgment as George belongs to? I reckon I'll write ta George an' ax him to keep an eye on him 'cos he's the young squire, an' faa'er's the squire's mashman. George ought ta know a sight more o' fightin' than my Reggie. He ha' seed seven years on it. Tha's what I'll do. I'll ax him to mind as he doan't get hurt."

Thus it is that the sergeant watches over the subaltern, dry-nurses him, wins the V.C. by saving his life. Suddenly Reggie learns that Buck has a sweetheart in Hockingham, and that it is she who is responsible for the Sergeant's attitude towards him. Doubt springs up in his mind, and suspicion. He questions, and receives the answer he dreads—

George, fearing lest Reggie might fall (so tremulous and weak did he seem as he stood shuddering there), had slipped his arm beneath the other's elbow and supported him. . . . The touch of George's hand burnt into Reggie's elbow like vitriol.

Reggie is tortured by his thoughts, and knows not what to do—

How could he permit the man who had saved his life to marry a woman who had been his mistress? . . . On the other hand, how could he betray the secrets of love to any man, whether he had saved his life or not?

He is silent, but he writes to his sister and asks her to look after Bina, for George Buck's sake. In the next engagement he is hit; Buck, too, is wounded, and the men are lying cot by cot in the Ladysmith Hospital when they regain consciousness. Reggie is dying. He tries to tell Buck the truth, but it is too late. He has not the strength. His secret goes to the grave with him. Meantime, Rubina is tormented by the fear that she is to become a mother; thereupon she visits Patty Willers, one of whose chief sources of revenue was "the benevolent assistance which she was always ready to afford (for a proper consideration) to such of the village girls as 'got into trouble.' " In due time Buck returns home—

"Bina! Bina!" he cried; "you've been true and faithful to me. I can read it in your dear eyes."

"Why, of course I have!" said Bina. . . . And I, who know the story as far as it can be known, still wonder what would have happened if Reggie had survived for another twelve hours . . . and what would have happened if the child had been born and lived?

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ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.**

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on hygienic science and health questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy.

In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out "our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how to do it. He, so to speak, says; "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight it with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease."

"Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately, the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen."

How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of influenza," he says, "and suffering

from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and, without the use of any other medicine or preparation, I was restored to health."

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The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given—namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the tissues compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease; all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. This last contribution of his to the literature of health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary.

A limited number of complete specimen copies of "The Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are available for distribution. A copy will gladly be sent gratis and post free on application to the publishers, F. Williams & Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., mentioning THE SKETCH.

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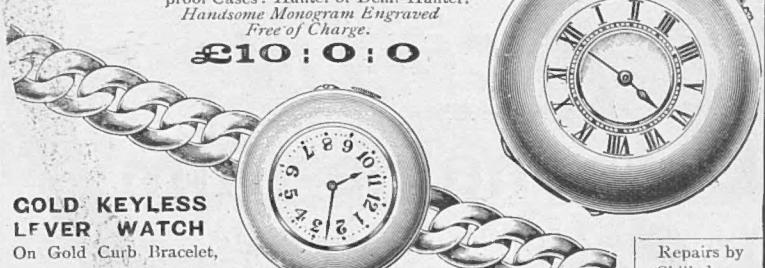
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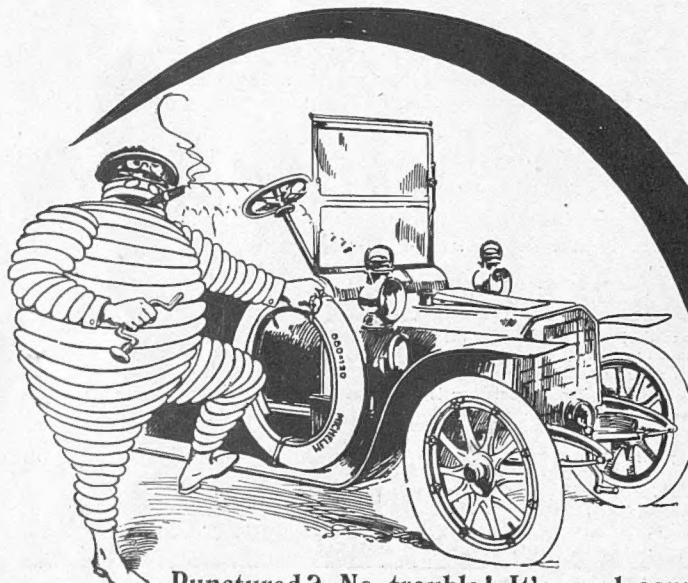
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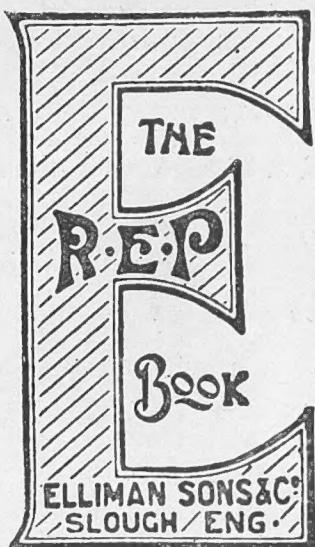
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BLOSSOMS FADE**

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WAVERS**BUCHANAN'S "BLACK & WHITE"**

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In all cases of convalescence, mental depression, nervous disorders and general debility

MARIANI WINE

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After Influenza, MARIANI WINE braces up the constitution, and is the most agreeable, effective and reliable tonic obtainable.

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Matchless Shirts with 4-fold Fronts & Cuffs & bodies of fine Long Cloth, 35/-
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The Marvellous
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AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN says:—"Cyclax" Remedies should be used by every woman who values her good looks and wishes to preserve them; and equally by all who desire to improve their natural beauty."

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The valuable Book, entitled "The Cultivation, and Preservation of Natural Beauty," will be sent on application.

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Soap and water remove only the surface dirt. OATINE removes all the dirt and oily secretions by cleansing the pores of the skin thoroughly.

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THE TWO GREAT AIDS TO SPEEDY RECOVERY:

"Good Nursing" and "Wincarnis," the Wine Tonic.

DURING and AFTER
"INFLUENZA."

of the pulse, great weakness, sinking sensations, headache, pains in the back and limbs, and general disturbance of most of the functions of the body. During this stage nothing can be done for the drooping patient, except to administer to personal comfort, keep warm, quiet, and free from all mental excitement, and, above all, maintain the strength by light, nourishing food, backed up by the sustaining invigoration of "Wincarnis," the delicious, soothing, and comforting wine tonic. When the influenza has passed, and the patient feels as though he could sink through the floor, and prays to be left alone to give in and die, administer "Wincarnis" frequently in small doses. By this means many have been kept alive who might otherwise have completely collapsed. The heart often breaks down after the exhausting strain, and this risk ought always to be counteracted by "Wincarnis," which is so much more effective than strong spirits. The latter are transient, whilst "Wincarnis" is permanent.

Influenza usually commences with an indefinable preliminary stage, languor and lassitude, debility, want of appetite, shivering or chilly sensations, followed by alternating heat flushes, quickness



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TAKE "**WINCARNIS**" DAILY.

A DELICIOUS AND SUSTAINING RESTORATIVE.

NURSE FRENCH, of "Sohamville," Motcombe Road, Eastbourne, Aug. 21, 1907, says: "I have had several bottles of 'Wincarnis,' and found that it made quite a new woman of me. If any of my friends or patients complain of feeling 'run down' and 'worn out,' I always advise them to try 'Wincarnis.' The wine tonic certainly pulled me together when I was very shaky and low after a most trying and exhausting case of nerves. I feel so much better able to do my duties now."

TRIAL BOTTLE
SENT GRATIS.

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SIGN
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To obtain "Wincarnis" free of charge you have simply to forward three penny stamps, with Coupon, to pay cost of carriage. If you do not wish to cut this paper, send stamps and mention *The Sketch* in your

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
The Sketch, Jan. 15, 1908.

After free trial you can buy "Wincarnis" at any Wine Merchants, but only at Chemists, and Grocers, holding wine licenses. Beware of Imitations.

J. HOMER, Esq., of 18, Mount Street, Walsall, writes, Dec. 12, 1907:

"Dear Sirs,—I found the free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis' very delicious, and just as invigorating as you state in your advertisements. We have since purchased a further supply, and tried it with two of my family with gratifying success. I can safely say that as a quick restorative after illness, or when 'run down' with colds, nothing can be more effective than 'Wincarnis.'"